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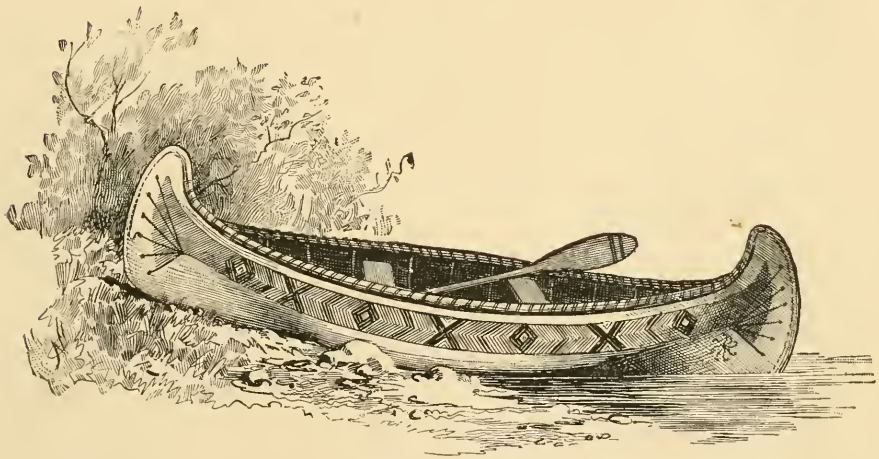
AN OLD-TIME NEW ENG-LAND GAR-DEN.

Cady, Mrs Harriet Cole

A

HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.



IN-DIAN CA-NOE.

BY MRS. H. N. CADY.

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PREFACE.

Before writing this history of New England, the limitations of a book in monosyllabic words were so seriously felt, that from the outset it was thought best not to use words of that class exclusively. For the most part only such have been employed; longer ones, when introduced, have been carefully divided into syllables, rendering their pronunciation easy. In such cases the examples of the best primary educators have been followed, by continuing the use of a word when it has once been introduced, until perfectly familiar to the reader. It is sincerely hoped that all young people interested in New England, and especially in her colonization, will gain from these pages a love for the subject which will lead them to pursue it in works where it is given a more exhaustive and elaborate treatment.

A. C. C.

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HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST WHITE MEN.

To all who were born in this place, or whose parents once lived here, the name of New Eng-land has a dear, sweet sound. We love its rocks and stone walls, great hills and green dales, and the pure white sand on its shores. The tales of the In-dians who first lived here are dear to the hearts of us all, and have quite as great a charm for the young as the "Fai-ry folk lore" they love to read.

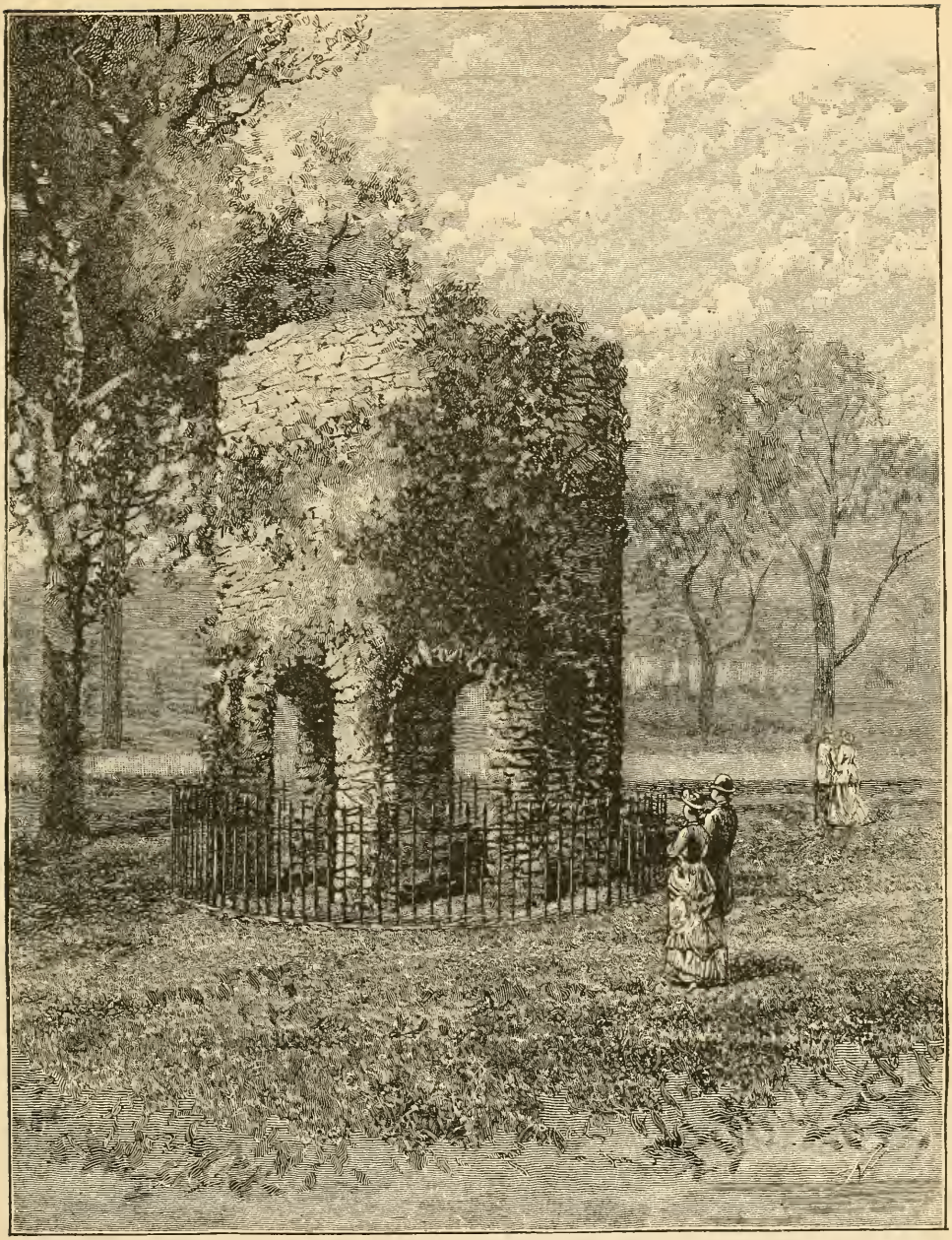
It is of these In-dians who lived here when no white man had trod our shores we must first speak, if we would have this his-to-ry a true one. While the land was theirs, the great woods, filled with fine old trees, came down to the shore of the sea; and the whole place would have looked strange and wild to us if we could have seen it then. If you will look on the next page you will see a strange old map made by Cap-tain John Smith, a man who first came to some oth-er part of A-mer-i-ca, and sailed up its shores in 1614. His map is not right in all parts, as

he could not take the time to know the land well; but some of the names he gave to the capes and towns are the same to-day that they were then. As you read on, you will find a map made in our own times, which shows these shores as they are. He it was who gave the name of New England to the whole.



CAPT. JOHN SMITH'S MAP OF NEW ENG-LAND, A.D. 1614.

When men sail to new lands, they like to name them for some place they have known and loved; and so it is that the word "New" is found in the names of the "New World,"—as A-mer-i-ca was called by those who first came here. We have "New York," "New Jer-sey," etc.; and,—best of all the "News,"—that spot in the north-west of our land which Smith called "New Eng-land." That strange coast line of Cap-tain Smith's old map tells us where



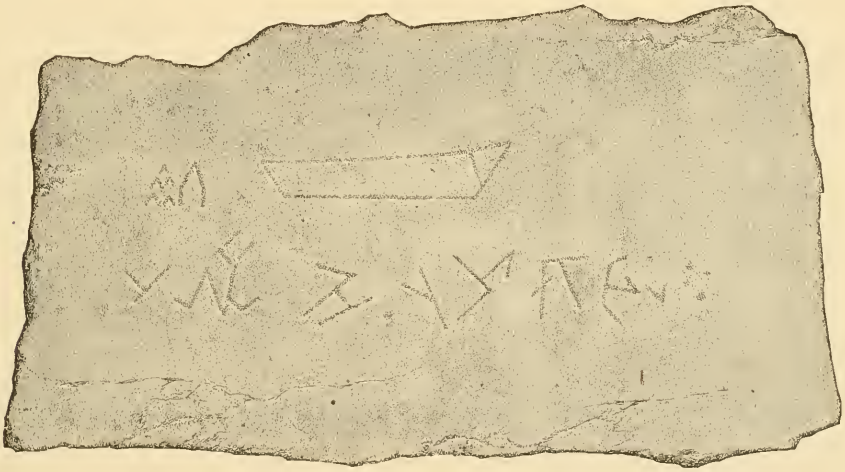
OLD STONE MILL, AT NEW-PORT. 11

the trees leave off and the sea comes in. On its edge the In-dians had their homes, where they could catch fish and dig clams on the beach. They also ate corn and killed the game which they found in the woods near at hand; but they used clams and fish for a large part of their food. The small huts which to them meant home, were grouped near some spring of pure sweet wa-ter; and some of these are still known by the same names that the In-dians gave them so long ago.

It is thought by men who know a great deal, that some white men came to this spot way back in 1000, that is some nine hun-dred years ago, and sailed down the coast. These, some think, built the Old Stone Mill at New-port, and cut rude marks on the rocks; which, if we could read them, would tell us much we would like to know. But the wise men say that the old mill is not as old as the time of these first white men.

They came from the north of Eu-rope, a-cross the sea to Green-land, and sailed down the coast for a long way. They told when they went back, of a fair land they found when they had sailed up a long in-let; and the bay they spoke of, which charmed them so much that they spent a whole win-ter there, is thought to be the Nar-ra-gan-sett. At Mount Hope, a fair, high hill, whose sides reach down to the clear

wa-ters of the bay, they made their home; and they called the place *Vin-land*, or "Wine-land," from the grape-vines and rich wild grapes they found there. These peo-ple were known as Norse-men, and their chief was called Leif. The first time they came to Vin-land they filled their boats with the grapes and sailed to their friends in Green-land; but they were

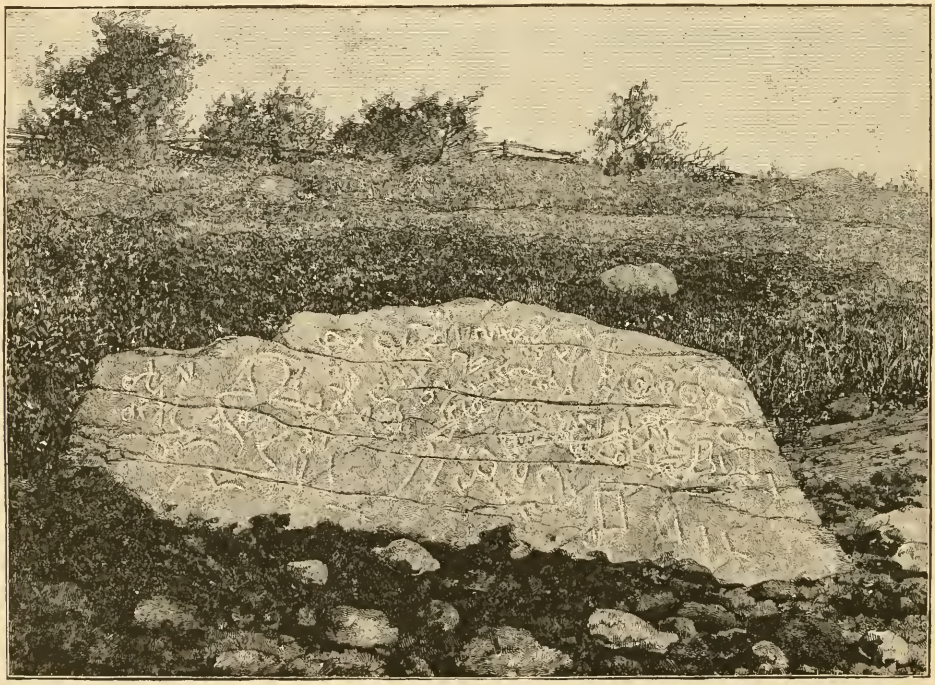


ROCK, NEAR MT. HOPE..

so much pleased with the place that they came back the next year, and brought their wives and kine with them.

They made their home where a riv-er winds down through the low land and then through a bay out in-to the sea. Grapes and wild wheat grew on the sides of the hill, and there were fish in the bay, and wild beasts in the woods. The In-dians, whom

they tell us were black, with great dark eyes, and straight hair, used to come in the sum-mer in strange boats, made of skins, to trade with them. The place they called "Hop,"—which means a place far in from the sea.



DIGH-TON ROCK.

A few years a-go a rock was found on the shore of the bay, just north of Mount Hope, up-on which strange marks were cut; and the wise men said, when they had seen it, that the lines and boat must have been made by Leif and his men nine hun-dred

years a-go. The rock is not in view when the tide is in, and that is why the marks have not been seen till now.

Up the stream and on the east side of the bank, some ten miles or more from Mount Hope, is a rock which has long been known to the wise men ; it, too, is on the edge of the stream, and at high tide can-not be seen. More marks are to be found on its face, and the wise men are still try-ing to find out what they mean. As it is found at a place called Digh-ton, it is known as Digh-ton Rock.



SKEL-E-TON IN AR-MOR.

In Fall Riv-er, a place half-way from Mount Hope to Digh-ton, a strange thing was found some fif-ty years a-go, which leads us to feel sure that white men were here at some far date. This was a skel-e-ton in ar-mor. Some men while at work on the side of a hill, saw the earth cave in, and a great box or roll of bark was laid bare. When they had torn this bark a-way they found the bones of a man ; on the chest was a breast-plate of brass, and round his waist a belt of brass tubes, to ward off the darts of his foes. There the poor man had sat for all

these years, just to tell us, it would seem, that white men had lived here ere the land had a name which would last.

CHAPTER II.

FROM LEIF TO THE PILGRIMS.

In 1492, Co-lum-bus was sent by the king and queen of Spain, to find a short way to the East In-dies. He thought that if he sailed west from Spain, he would, in due time, come to this rich land. At first he could find no men who would go on such a wild quest; but three small ships, two of which had no decks, were made fit at last; and when he sailed on the third of Au-gust, 1492, one hun-dred and twen-ty men went with him.

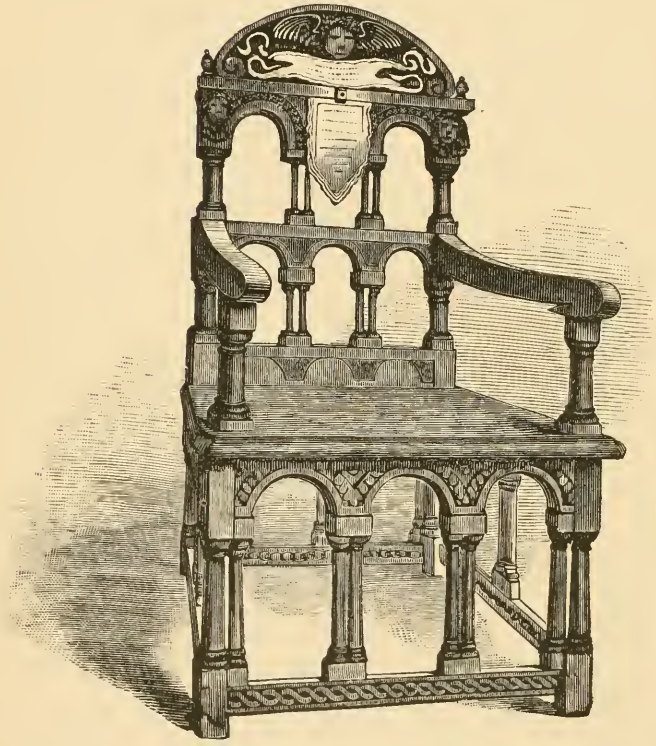
One night the cry of "Land!" was heard from some of the crew; and when the sun rose a-bove the sea, Co-lum-bus saw a strange, new shore be-fore his eyes. This land was a small is-land which he named San Sal-va-dor; and the black men he found here he called In-dians, for he thought he had reached In-dia. In-dia is not here at all, you know; but a-cross the Pa-cif-ic o-cean, in A-sia. He did not set foot on the main land of A-mer-i-ca at this time, but when he



CO-LUM-BUS' SHIPS.

had seen a few of the is-lands near by, he sailed back to Spain. He had been here just three months.

When the news of this voy-age reached Eng-land, Hen-ry VII., who was king at the time, sent John Ca-bot a-cross the sea to the west to claim all the land he could find for Eng-land. In those days, when a ship came to some place which was not known of by the peo-ple of Eu-rope, the man who had charge of the ship would land, and with much pomp, claim the whole place for his king.



SIR FRAN-CIS DRAKE'S CHAIR. MADE FROM RE-MAINS OF THE GOLDEN HIND.

Ca-bot sailed west as Hen-ry VII. wished, and in time came to Nov-a Sco-tia. This was in the year 1497, so he was, in truth, the first to reach the main

land of A-mer-i-ca. In 1579 Sir Fran-cis Drake, an Eng-lish-man, sailed in a ship called the "Gold-en Hind" for the new world. He came to steal from the Span-iards the gold and spoils they, in their turn, had ta-ken from the na-tives; but he saw much of the new land on his way up the coast of the Pa-cif-ic.

But Ver-raz-za-no, an I-tal-ian by birth, who sailed in a ship of the king of France, was the first white man, after Leif, to come to New Eng-land. In 1524, he sailed up the coast and saw both New-port and Cape Cod, which he spoke of to the king in terms of praise. At first he was looked up to and liked by the na-tives, for he was the first white man they had ev-er seen, and they tried to make friends with him, and did all they could to please him. Once, when a young man from his ship was a-bout to drown, they saved his life. But the French, it seems sad to say, were not good to the poor In-dians, and paid for this kind act by a bad one. They stole a small In-dian girl and took her on board the ship. They tried to take a big one at the same time, but she made so much noise, they were forced to let her go.

So the na-tives soon learned that they could not trust Ver-raz-za-no and his men; and the bad name he won from them went be-fore him, so that by the time his ship reached the coast north of Cape Cod, the In-dians would not let him land, but forced both

him and his crew to stay in their boats. When they had things to trade with the French, they would put them on the end of a long pole, tie them well, and then pass them down to the boat. It seems sad that



VER-RAZ-ZA-NO'S SHIP.

the In-dian, who was like a grown up child, should, from the first, find out that he could not trust the white man.

How wild and lone the whole New Eng-land

coast must have seemed to Ver-raz-za-no and his men, who were used to the moun-tains of France and I-ta-ly! and what a strange sight his ship, with its white sails spread to the breeze, must have seemed to the poor In-dians, hid by the trees, as they watched it glide down their clear, still wa-ters! They thought at first it came from heav-en; and that the white men, with their clear, bright skins, were gods. But they must have learned the truth when their dear ba-by girl was snatched from their midst.

When Ver-raz-za-no had gone back, New Eng-land was not seen by white men of whom word has come to us, for a long term of years,—the space of a man's life time. Then, in 1602, Bar-thol-o-mew Gos-nold sailed from Eng-land, straight to the west, and reached Cape Ann in a cruise of sev-en weeks; which was then thought to be quite a short time in which to cross the seas to the New World.

He sailed down by Cape Cod, to which he first gave that name, and stopped on one of the E-liz-a-beth Is-lands, in Buz-zard's Bay. This is-land still bears its old In-dian name of Cut-ty-hunk.

Here he built a house, the cel-lar of which may still be seen. There were deer on the isle, but no Red men; there were sas-sa-fras trees all about, the roots of which were dug up by Gos-nold and his men,

and stored in their ship; for the bark was then thought much of in Eng-land as a drug.

The same year, he sailed back to Eng-land with his twen-ty-eight men, and his load of sas-sa-fras, and did not come back; but the name of E-liz-a-beth Islands, giv-en by him, lasts yet; and so does that of Cape Cod,—though Cap-tain Smith changed it to Cape James, for a few years.

Next year came Mar-tin Pring for more sas-sa-fras; but he did not get on well with the Red men, and soon went back.

Next, when e-lev-en years more had passed, came Cap-tain A-dri-an Block, from Hol-land. In 1614, he sailed up the "East Riv-er," and built a log fort on the spot where New York Cit-y now is. The whole is-land he called New Am-ster-dam; a name which it kept for fif-ty years. Then he sailed through Long Is-land Sound, and close to the coast of Con-nec-ti-cut. He went for a short way up both the Hou-sa-ton-ic and the Con-nec-ti-cut riv-ers. He then passed the end of Long Is-land, and came to a bit of white sand and green grass, which he called by his own name, Block Is-land. He it was, who gave the name of "Roode" to what is now Rhode Is-land. That same year Cap-tain Smith sailed up the coast and made his map of New Eng-land.

CHAPTER III.

THE RED MEN.

While the white men came and went, and all Eu-rope looked up-on this land as new, the Red men or In-dians, who had known no oth-er world, thought it as old as time. They lived their wild life on these lone shores, and did not dream that some day the place might not be theirs. The men fished and went far back in the woods to hunt for game, while the wo-men cooked, and tilled the soil. They had no i-ron tools, so went to work in what we should call an odd way, to clear their fields. First they would burn down the trees on the spot where they wished their corn field to be, then they dug the ground with sticks of wood, or stone hoes, which they made of hard stone or flint, from which they broke off bits till the right shape was reached. Then they would hunt in the woods for a small straight tree ; it must be young and in a place where it would grow well. They cut through the trunk of this by means of a sharp piece of flint, and placed the stone axe or hoe in the slit, which they tied up with bark twine. If the tree did not die, in time the trunk would close round the stone and grow so tight that it could not be moved. Then



IN-DIAN EN-CAMP-MENT.

the tree was burned down, and the axe-head with its helve left for use. These were thought much of by the In-dians; and this was not strange, as it took some years to make them, and they were left by father for son through a-ges. They had hoes made of wood, of the bones of the deer, and of tur-tle shells tied to sticks; and with these the girls scratched up the soil. Then they made the holes three or four feet a-part, and placed in each four or five grains of corn. As the corn grew it looked much as you see it to-day. Beans, which formed part of the na-tives' food, grew with the corn, and pump-kin vines ran wild through the fields.

In the fall the wo-men and girls, who did much of the hard work, cut the stalks, husked the corn, and stored it for their win-ter's food. Then the men would join them in a wild dance, and all would have a good time. These were the first New Eng-land husk-ing bees, but no white man had been to one then; they had not seen the In-dian corn at that time. You all have seen pop-corn; most of you have popped it; but you did not know that these same In-dians first taught us how to pop corn. They called it "the corn that blos-somed," which was a ver-y sweet name for it.

They made "suc co-tash" from the corn and beans which grew in their fields, and baked hoe-cake on a flat stone or on the bot-tom of their pot, just as our grand-

moth-ers used to make them on a flat board set up in front of the fire.

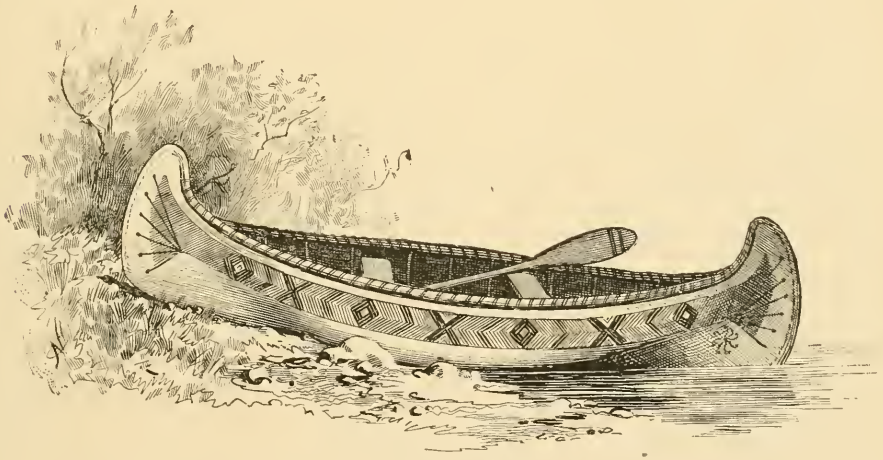


IN-DIAN PIPES.

They ground their meal be-tween flat stones, and mixed it with wa-ter for their cakes. When they were to go on a long tramp, they took a sack of this which the wo-men had parched, and used it for food on the way. They mixed it with wa-ter from a spring, or in win-ter with the snow by the path, and ate it so.

New Eng-land dough-nuts are well known to us all; but did you know that the In-dians made dough-nuts long be-fore the white men came? They dropped small balls of meal in-to hot ma-ple sap, and thought them good. I think most girls and boys of to-day would think so too. From the husks of the corn, they made mats,—and balls with which the young played; for the In-dian boys and girls were fond of sports, and loved their games of tag or ball quite as well as you do yours.

They all lived in huts, called wig-wams, made of bark, or the skins of wild beasts, and stretched ov-er a frame of tree branch-es; and they dressed in the same kind of skins. The men were fond of bright tints, and each would paint his face and dress with the bright clay found near his wig-wam. They made pipes of a kind of stone, and used them when they met to talk of the great things the tribe must do.

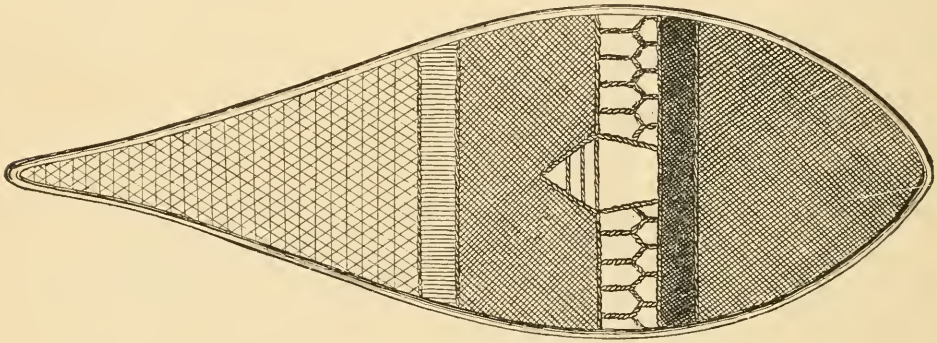


IN-DIAN CA-NOE.

These wig-wams were hot in sum-mer and cold in win-ter. They had no chairs; a heap of dry leaves and twigs and the fur or skin of a bear formed their bed, while a great pot made of clay was used to cook their food in and to eat it from. You may be sure they did not stay in the house much of their time; and the free life in the clear, crisp air made them a

large, strong race. The In-dians of New Eng-land were tall, fine men. Their skin was a dull red, and they had large dark eyes and long coarse black hair. They were brave and had no fear of pain, but were as cru-el as could be to those who were in their pow-er.

They loved their young; and the sons were taught with much care all they thought an In-dian ought to know. They were made to fight, run, and swim,



IN-DIAN SNOW-SHOE.

catch game and fish, and kill and scalp their foes. In the warm months, they pad-dled on the bays in small light boats, made of bark or skins, and called by them "ca-noes." From these they fished for the food so much used by all the tribes. They were fond of clams, and the great banks of shells found on the sites of their homes show us that these formed a large part of their food. They made the first clam-bake, long be-fore Rhode Is-land had a name, and from

them the white men first learned how to cook these shell-fish by means of hot stones and sea-weed.

In the cold months they found it hard to catch game, and some-times whole tribes suf-fered for want of food. The snow was deep and the win-ters were cold, in those far-off days, when the white men were not seen on these shores; and the poor In-dian would have found it hard to get his food or go from place to place, if it had not been for the snow-shoes he made and wore on the smooth soft crust.

His life seems hard and bare to us who now live in the place he once knew as home, and we feel sad as we think we shall know him no more; but if he were here to-day I fear we should not love him, and we might not treat him as well as our fath-ers did when they first came here to dwell. We shall learn more of him and his ways as we read on in this his-tor-y of that small part of A-mer-i-ca known as New Eng-land.

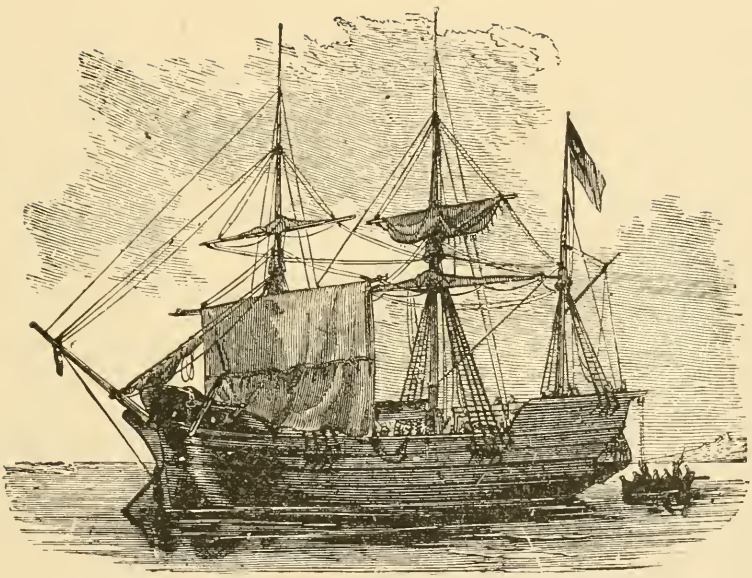
CHAPTER IV.

THE PILGRIMS.

In 1608 the Pil-grims, as they have since been called, left Eng-land, the land in which they were born, and went to Hol-land. They did this that they might wor-ship God in a way they thought right. The King made all who lived in his realm go to the Church of Eng-land, so they went to live in Hol-land.

But the boys and girls who were born in their new home, with those who were quite young when they first came, spoke much in Dutch, which they heard most of the time. This made the Pil-grims sad; for they feared their own sons would soon not know how to speak their own tongue. This, and some oth-er things, caused them to make up their minds to come to A-mer-i-ca.

Two ships were to bring them, and ma-ny of the strong young men and wo-men of the place went on board and set sail for Eng-land in Ju-ly, 1620. In Sep-tem-ber they left for the New World. The Speed-well, one of the ships, went but a short way and then turned back; but the May-flow-er kept on, and a slow, hard time she had. The small ship leaked, and the wind blew hard the whole time, so



MAY-FLOWER AT SEA.

that it was No-vem-ber when they saw the land of New Eng-land not far off. Their hearts were full of joy, as they looked up-on the New World for the first time.

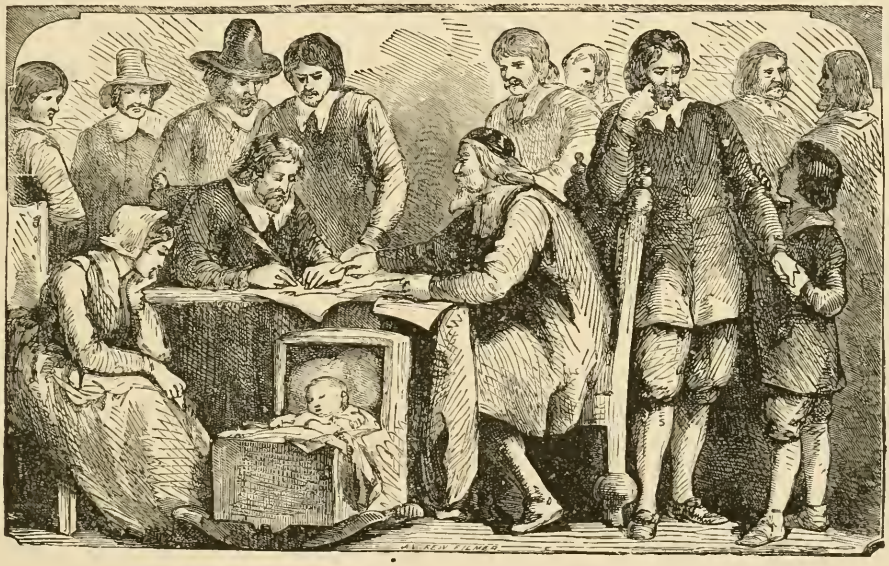
The Pil-grims did not mean to come to Mass-a-chu-setts, but were on their way to the Hud-son riv-er, where, they had been told, was a nice place for their home. But the cap-tain of the May-flow-er found his ship leaked so much that he did not dare to sail through the rough wa-ter just south of the cape, so he was forced to turn to the first land he saw; and that land was Cape Cod.

What a lone, drear place it must have seemed to them, with the cold gray sea at their backs, and no house or friend to greet them on the shore. Trees and sand, with here and there a low shrub, were all they could see. It was cold, and no leaves were on the trees. They had thought to get here the month be-fore, while it was yet warm, and were to found their home near men who were at New Am-ster-dam; but now they knew they were near no col-o-ny, no friends; while the near-est white men were two hun-dred miles off.

To be sure they still had a ship; but the cap-tain warned them day by day that they must be quick to find a place for their home. His food would not last long, and he must keep some for his crew to eat on

their voy-age back. The crew were tired, and wished to sail home; so at last some of them said that if the Pil-grims did not choose a spot for the new col-o-ny soon, they would turn them and their goods on shore and leave them.

It was not an ea-sy task to find such a place, for the sail-boat must first be fixed, and this would take



SIGN-ING THE A-GREE-MENT IN THE CAB-IN OF THE MAY-FLOW-ER.

some days. They went to work with a will; and in the mean-time they wrote a page of rules in which they said they would help each oth-er, make laws as they should need them, and do the best they could to make their home a good one. Then for-ty-one of the men signed their names to it.

Now some of them went on shore to look at the place; but they feared to go far from the ship. They were not gone long, and brought back with them some strange wood, which they said smelled sweet, for the fire. But they saw no house or man. The



FIRST "WASH DAY" OF PIL-GRIM MOTH-ERS.

next Mon-day, the Pil-grim moth-ers went on shore to wash their clothes; and the twen-ty-eight small folks begged so hard to go with them that we may be sure they went too. The men paced the shore with their guns in their hands, on watch for an

en-e-my, should he come that way; while their wives washed and rinsed their clothes in the salt sea. They were glad to be on land once more.

In a few days, Cap-tain Miles Stan-dish and six-teen men went up the cape to look at the place. They saw no In-dians, but came to some of their homes and graves. In one place they found a bas-ket of corn, which they took back to the ship. They meant to pay for it if they found the own-er, and so they did.

Two or three times they made trips up from the shore, and at last, eigh-teen went in the sail-boat to find the site for their home. They chose the spot where Plym-outh now stands, and then went back to the May-flow-er. In five days she sailed up the bay with all on board. Here one hun-dred and one Pil-grims came to live; and a hard time they had the first win-ter.

It is said that the foot of a young girl, Ma-ry Chil-ton by name, was the first to press "Fore-fath-ers' Rock," as the stone up-on which they stepped from their boat was named. If you should go to Plym-outh, you would be shown this same rock, which has been kept with care all these years.

In the ship was John Car-ver, their first gov-er-nor, El-der Brew-ster, their pas-tor for the time, Cap-tain Miles Stan-dish, Wil-liam Brad-ford, and Ed-



FORE-FATH-ERS' ROCK.

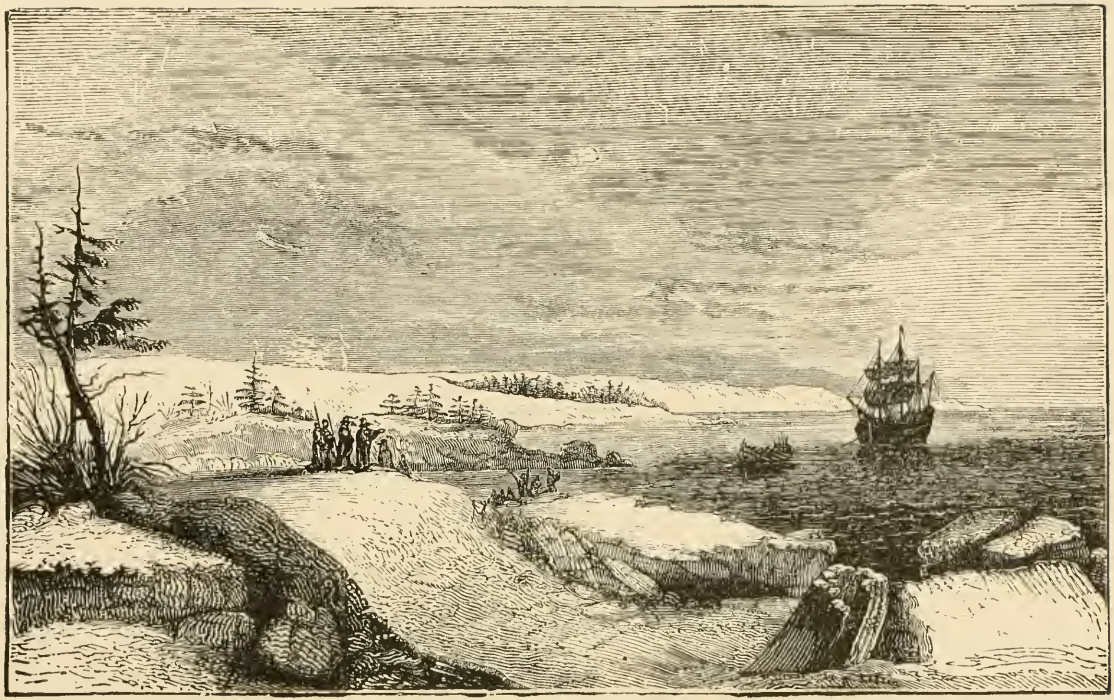
ward Wins-low. One dear ba-by boy was born on the ship while they were on their way. He was the son of Wil-liam White, and was named Per-e-grine.

Gov-er-nor Car-ver and his wife and child died in the first few weeks; and by spring, on-ly for-ty-six of those who came in the May-flow-er still lived.

They were kind to the red men, and in turn were helped by them. A-mong the first they saw was one who came from what is now Maine. His name was Sam-o-set, and he had learned to speak some Eng-lish from the crew of a ship that had come there for fish. When he saw the Pil-grims, he called out, "Wel-come Eng-lish!" Then he told them that the great chief of the land was on his way to see them. This was Mass-a-so-it, the chief of the Wam-pa-no-ags.

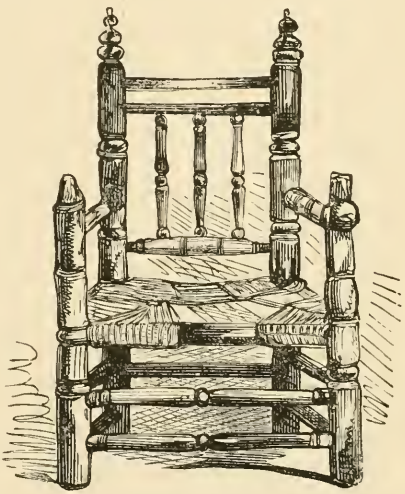
Wil-liam Brad-ford, who was then gov-er-nor, kept Sam-o-set to tell him what Mass-a-so-it said; for the In-dians could not speak Eng-lish, you know. When the great chief came, Gov. Brad-ford gave him a few gifts, and thus won his heart, so that a trea-ty was made which was kept fif-ty years. Nine-ty chiefs, not as strong as Mass-a-so-it, were made by him to sign the trea-ty.

Mass-a-so-it lived at So-wams, a small In-dian town on the left bank of a branch of the Nar-ra-gan-sett bay; close by his wig-wam was a fine spring of clear cold wa-ter which ran down the slope and in-to



LANDING OF PIL-GRIMS.

the bay, while near at hand was the great wood where he hunt-ed his game. That spring still flows from its dark fount un-der the stones; and in time joins its wa-ters—as when the old chief lived by its side,—with those of the bay near at hand. But the In-dians have all gone from the spot. Since their day great ships have sailed from its side with their tanks filled from the pure stream. Now the ships come no more, but the old spring still runs on. On hot days, boys and girls in small boats row up to its mouth, and quench their thirst from its cool depths.



GOV. CAR-VER'S CHAIR.

On the far side of the bay lived Ca-non-i-cus, the chief of the Nar-ra-gan-setts; who was a foe to Mass-a-so-it, and so took part a-gainst the Eng-lish. Soon af-ter the trea-ty that I have just told you of was signed, he sent to them a bunch of ar-rows tied with the skin of a rat-tle-snake, to show that he would fight them when he had the chance. But when the Gov-er-nor knew what was meant by this gift, he filled the skin full of pow-der and sent it back to Ca-non-i-cus. This act made the tribe fear the white men.

CHAPTER V.

THE MEN AT PLYMOUTH.

At the time Cap-tain John Smith sailed up the coast, all the land from Flor-i-da to the St. Law-rence was known as Vir-gin-ia; and it was the north part of this that he called New Eng-land. He named the spot which the In-dians called Pa-tux-et, "Plym-outh." This was in 1614, six years be-fore the Pil-grims came.

He was pleased with the whole coast, and praised it so much when he went back to Eng-land, that the king gave it to some men known as the "Plym-outh Coun-cil." Both they and the king were in haste to get rich from the New World, so they urged men to go there to live. But no one seemed to care to go so far from home, and it was not till the Pil-grims came that white men were to be found on the soil of that part of the land known as Mass-a-chu-setts. They did not mean to come here, as you know; but had made terms with the Lon-don Com-pa-ny to go to the part of Vir-gin-ia which be-longed to them. When they found they were on the land of the Plym-outh Coun-cil they sent a man to Eng-land to buy a right of them to stay in the place. It was ten years when it was grant-ed.

Then it took the name of "Plym-outh Col-o-ny," which it kept sev-en-ty-two years; it then joined the Mass-a-chu-setts Col-o-ny.

They built but sev-en log huts the first win-ter. The logs were laid in place, and the chinks filled with mud mixed with straw, while the roofs were spread with flags cut from the swamps. The fire-place and chim-ney were of stone. They built one large house which was a kind of fort, which they called the "ren-dez-vous," and a shed for their stores. Soon they felt the need of a hos-pi-tal for their sick, and one was built. This was used more than the rest of the hous-es that first year, for it is said that at one time all but sev-en of the col-o-ny were sick.

As time went on, the friends of the Pil-grims who were left in Hol-land and Eng-land came to the New Land to join them, and thus the col-o-ny grew. They had much that was hard to bear, but they felt it was in the cause of Right, so were brave and strong.

When the place at Plym-outh be-came too full, bands led by a min-is-ter would start out through the woods in search of a spot for a new home. Most of the men, wo-men, and young ones walked; and a hard time they had on their way through the dense woods and damp lone swamps. When a place was found which pleased them, they said God had led them to it, and went to work to build their homes. They

made a strong wall, or fort of large logs, a-round the place; and on its top fixed one or two large guns which they brought with them. Then the log hous-es were built. In this way most of our old New England towns were first formed.

At some times the Pil-grims were in sad straits; and once food was so scarce that but five grains of corn were dealt out to each for a day. Think of living for a whole day on five small grains of corn, and you will be-gin to know what a hard time they had. These hard times did not last long, for when spring came they caught fish and game till the corn grew which they had bought from the In-dians and plant-ed.



FIVE GRAINS OF CORN.

A short time af-ter Sam-o-set came to see them, Squan-to, an In-dian who had lived at Pa-tux-et, came to his old home and wished to join them. He proved a good friend, and taught them much; how to fish and hunt as the In-dians did, and, with the rest, how to plant the corn. They must wait, he said, till the oak-leaf was as big as a mouse's ear, and then dig the holes; in each they must drop one or two fish and three or four grains of corn. In this way they would



THE CHIL-DREN SOON LEARNED TO LOVE SQUAN-TO.

have a good yield. They did as he bade them, and in the fall had a large crop. The chil-dren soon learned to love Squan-to, and were fond of walks in his arms.

The wives spun and wove, and the men cut down the great trees, and made from them things for the house, such as stools and bench-es; and in time built ships, so they could send to Eng-land the fish and furs they did not need at home.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE PIL-GRIMS LIVED.

When a man had built his house, he put in it what few things he had brought from his old home, then made what more was want-ed. Some of the Pil-grims were of the fine folk of Eng-land, and they had more and bet-ter things than the poor of the col-o-ny. A strong, large chair for the man, and at times one for his wife too, were found in the log house. Two or three chests of draw-ers were brought from the Old Coun-try, and some sil-ver spoons. They slept in great high post-ed bed-steads, while the boys and girls were glad of the low "truck-le-bed," which was kept out of sight in the day-time. Low

stools made of logs were used for chairs; and at one side of the one room was a set of shelves where the pew-ter plates were kept. These were scoured each



SPIN-NING.

day with fine white sand and soft soap, and shone like sil-ver, as the light from the great fire-place played up-on them.

These fire-places were large, so that great logs could be burnt in them; and the good wives cooked their food in i-ron pots or on boards in front of the blaze. The spin-ning-wheel and the loom each had a place in the room, and the great ta-ble of oak was used to eat from. When night came on, the fire was heaped with ash-es to keep it through the night. As they all went to bed at dark, no lamps were used. But they learned from the In-dians of the pine-knot can-dle, and used it when some one was sick, or at times when a light was need-ed in the night.

A kind of bread, dark and coarse, was made of rye, wheat, or bar-ley meal; and formed the chief food of the col-o-ny. This was the "Bos-ton Brown Bread" so much liked by all New Eng-land folk. You must think when you next eat a piece, that the Pil-grims lived on just such bread for ma-ny years.

When the first crop of corn was ripe, the In-dians showed the white men how to pound the grains and sift the meal. The fine part the wives made into bread, and the coarse, which the In-dians called "hom-i-ny," they made in-to mush, and ate it with milk, as we do now. Large fields of cran-ber-ries were found on Cape Cod, and the Pil-grims ate this fruit with their meat. We do the same. They baked and boiled the great cod which they caught off the

coast, and all had a feast when some man had the luck to kill a deer in the woods.

When the In-dians showed the white men they could not be trust-ed, Miles Stan-dish, the best sol-dier in the col-o-ny, formed a com-pa-ny of which he

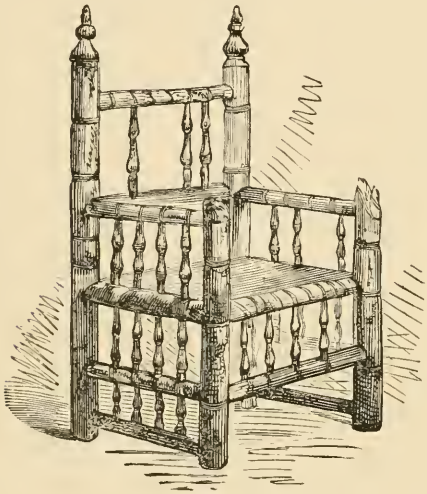


PIL-GRIMS GO-ING TO CHURCH.

was cap-tain; and these, well armed, were to guard the place.

On the "Sab-bath day" all were made to go to meet-ing. At the hour of nine, a drum-mer went

through the street and beat his drum. Then each came out of his house and walked to the ren-dez-vous. Some of the men went first with their guns in their hands; then the Gov-er-nor and El-der Brews-ter came, and last the rest of the men with their wives, boys, and girls; while their serv-ants brought up the rear. In church the men kept their guns where they could get them quick-ly, for they feared the In-dians more and more, as they learned to know them.



EL-DER BREWS-TER'S CHAIR.

To-ward night, on the Sab-bath day, a man went to each house to find out if all had been to meet-ing. If a-ny had not been and could show no good cause why, they were pun-ished.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WHITE MEN AT WEY-MOUTH.

In the spring of 1621 the Pil-grims sent a few men through the woods to learn what they could of the land north of them, which Cap-tain Smith had praised so much. Squan-to told them that the Mass-a-chu-setts In-dians were bad men, who had tried them be-fore now, and that they would kill the whites if they could get the chance. So the band went well armed. They saw both tribes, went to their vil-lages, and came back in safe-ty. They said the land near the Charles riv-er was a fine place to live, and wished they had made their home there. But their hous-es were built, and it was now too late to change.

The next year, 1622, six-ty men came from Eng-land and made their home at Wey-mouth, a short way from Plym-outh. These were not good men, but were paid by a man named Wes-ton to come here and hunt furs for him. They did not save food for their win-ter's need, and then stole corn from the In-dians, which turned them to foes. They sold their clothes for food, and some died from the cold. They went so far as to bring wood and wa-ter for the In-dian squaws for a bit of corn cake or meat.

Though a few of the In-dians seemed to be their friends, the tribes had made up their minds to kill all the white men in the land. They feared the Eng-lish would take all their lands from them, and in a short time there would be no woods in which to hunt for game; so they all joined and formed a plan by which they would clear both col-o-nies from the land. Then it was that Mass-a-so-it, the friend of the Eng-lish, came to their aid.

At this time the Pil-grims heard that the great Chief was ill; so Wins-low and a few men went to Sow-wams to see him. When they reached the place they found him quite as ill as they had heard.

The med-i-cine men of the tribe were mak-ing a loud noise to drive the sick spell a-way, and the old Chief was blind. But when he was told that the Eng-lish had come he called them to his side. Then he said to Wins-low, whom he knew well, "Oh Wins-low, I shall not see you more!"

He did not die, thanks to Mr. Wins-low, but in time grew strong and well. Then he said "Now I see the Eng-lish are my friends and love me, and I will not for-get the kind thing they have done to me." It was then that he told them of the plot the In-dians formed to kill them.

The men at Wey-mouth found out the plan at the same time, and as they were weak and had but

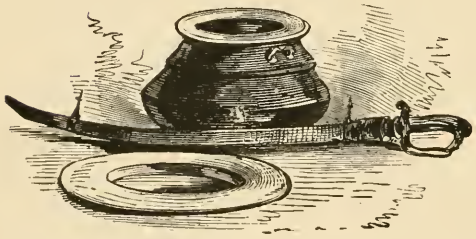


MASS-A-SO-IT TELLS WINS-LOW.

few arms, they sent a man to Plym-outh to beg for help. Then Cap-tain Miles Stan-dish and eight men went to them, and in time killed two of the head In-dians, sent some of the men back to Eng-land, and brought the rest to Plym-outh. This was the end of the first Mass-a-chu-setts Col-o-ny.

Soon af-ter this a min-is-ter named Wil-liam Black-stone came to Shaw-mut, and built his house on a spot which is now in Bea-con Street, Bos-ton. Here he lived on the corn he raised, the fish and game he caught, and the milk from his one cow.

Myles Standish



Bos-ton owes much to Wil-liam Black-stone's cow, for it is said the first streets of that ci-ty were laid out by the beast.

The paths she made through the woods near her home were built on by the set-tlers, and so the streets were formed. That is a strange way for a ci-ty to be laid out, don't you think so?

By the year 1626 there were a num-ber of log huts in and near where Bos-ton now stands. The year be-fore, a few men came to a place near the Charles, where Quin-cy now is, and trad-ed with the In-dians.

They were a wild set; and at one time they raised a great May-pole, and danced a-round it with the In-dian girls they could coax to join them. These they gave rum to drink, and tried to spoil the good the Pil-grims had done.

When the men at Plym-outh heard of these things they were sad; for they thought danc-ing a-round a May-pole was a great sin, and to give the poor In-dians rum was still worse; so they watched, and soon had a chance to clear the land of these bad men.

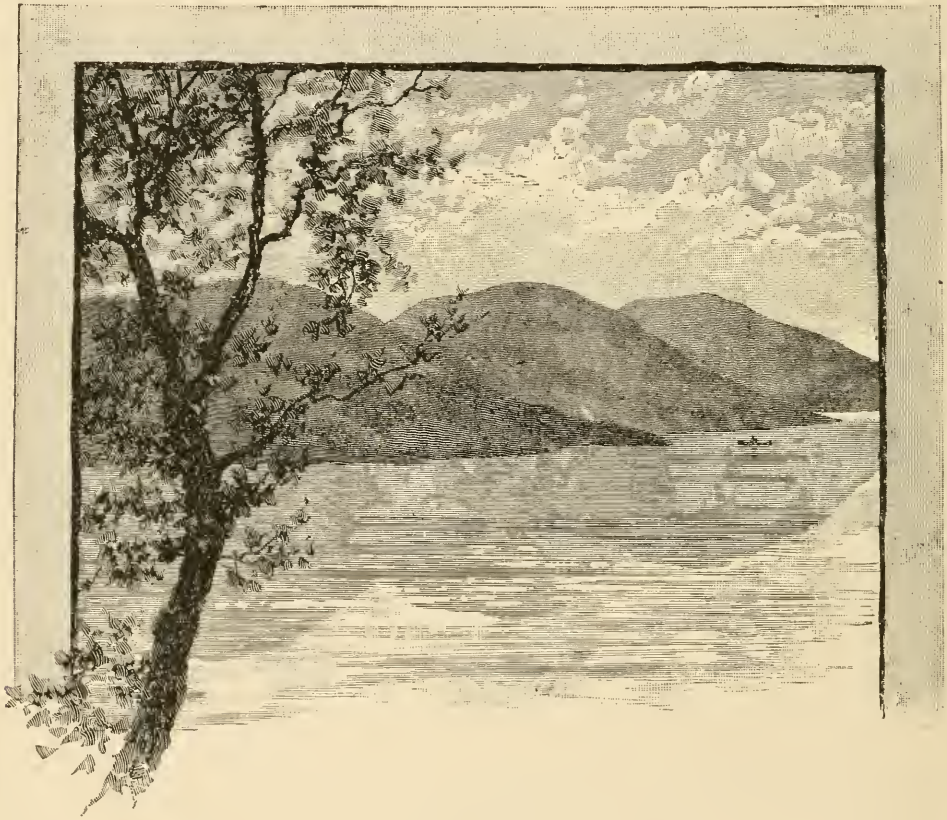
There was a law that men should not sell guns to the In-dians; and when they found Mor-ton, who was the head of the col-o-ny at Mer-ry Mount, where the May-pole had been raised, had sold such things to the na-tives, and had taught them to use them, the Pil-grims took him to Plym-outh, tried him, and sent him back to Eng-land. He came back the next year and gave them more care.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE MEN COME TO THESE SHORES.

In the year 1628, the Plym-outh Com-pa-ny in England sold to the Mass-a-chu-setts Bay Col-o-ny a strip of land which reached from one o-cean to the

oth-er, and from a-bove the Mer-ri-mac to a few miles south of the Charles; and John En-di-cott with sev-en-ty men came to dwell on the spot where Sa-lem now stands. In 1629 two hun-dred came. But a



TRI-MOUNT.

part of these set-tled in Sa-lem and the rest in Charles-town.

The next year Gov-er-nor Win-throp and one

thous-and more came and lived at Shaw-mut,—or Tri-mount, as Bos-ton was first called, from the three hills which marked the place. Of these some died from cold and lack of food, for they had been used to nice things in Eng-land, and could not bear such hard-ships. These men, like the "Pil-grim Fath-ers" of Plym-outh, took life in a firm, stern way; they found the ways of most Eng-lish folk too light, and the rites of their church too much like those of the Pope. The oth-er folk in Eng-land did not like to be looked down on and thought less good, be-cause their ways were not the same; and mocked those who aimed at such a high, pure life, with the name of Pur-i-tans;—and as such they have been known from that time.

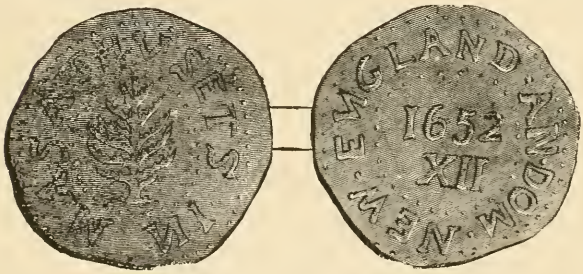
Each year brought more men to our shores; and in all the towns near Bos-ton they made their homes.

These men were just to the In-dians, and paid them well for their lands. They bought corn and food from them, and gave a fair price for it. It was at this time that El-i-ot, the great miss-ion-a-ry to the In-dians, came and tried to make Christ-ians of the na-tives. He worked with them for six-ty years, and made a bi-ble which they could read. When he died, there were five thous-and "pray-ing In-dians," as they were called. His name is loved by all good men.

The Pur-i-tans felt that if they were to make good men of their sons, they must teach them to know a

great deal; so in just ten years from the first set-tle-ment at Bos-ton, they found-ed Har-vard Col-lege. This they named for John Har-vard, who gave them four thous-and dol-lars and his books. In a few years a law was passed that made each town fit up a school in which all the young should be taught. The same law was soon made at Plym-outh and Con-nec-ti-cut.

In 1652, a mint in which to coin mon-ey was formed in Bos-ton. Here the first A-mer-i-can coin was made. It was called the "Pine-tree shil-ling," and was made of sil-ver.



PINE-TREE SHIL-LING.

For some years the Pil-grims had no mon-ey, but trad-ed with the In-dians for the furs, game, and fish they brought, with corn and fruit. At times they used the In-dian mon-ey called "wam-pum." These furs, and dried fish, the Pil-grims sent to Eng-land, and kept up a large trade with that place, but they could trade with no oth-er land, for they were un-der Eng-lish rule. This was hard for them, as they felt they would get more pay if they could send their goods to oth-er ports.

In all else they were well pleased; their land

gave them large crops, and just then they were at peace with the In-dians. The hard times they had borne were things of the past; and life looked bright to them. To be sure they worked hard for all they had; but they were used to that, and were pleased to know they were liv-ing as they thought God wished them to live.

These good men thought they were right in all things. If one dared to think of God in a way un-like them, they were stern; and if he would not give in to their way of think-ing, he was sent a-way in the woods. The poor Qua-kers and Bap-tists had a hard time, and in some places were killed for their "her-e-sy," as the Pu-ri-tans called their faith.

They were strange men, those Pu-ri-tan fath-ers of ours; and for these and some oth-er of their acts we are sad. In 1690, or near that time, the men at Sa-lem had strange i-deas. They thought that some per-sons in their midst were led by bad spir-its to do wrong things. Some young girls, who knew of this, went so far as to make their pa-rents be-lieve they were be-witched by such.

They would lie up-on the floor, and roll and twist as if in great pain, while they would beg the church men to pun-ish the poor old man or wo-man whom they said was the cause of their troub-le. Some old wo-man was most of-ten the one chos-en; and if these



A "WITCH."

girls bore a grudge a-gainst a-ny one, they had but to say she was a "witch" to have her killed. There were twen-ty men and wo-men killed for witch-craft at Sa-lem at that time, and of these one was a good min-is-ter. This was a great blot on the first page of New Eng-land his-to-ry, for which we all feel sad.

It was no fun for the girls and boys of those days to go to church, or "meeting," as the Pu-ri-tans said. They had to hear a ser-mon two hours long, with pray-ers not quite as long. If one was tired and by chance fell a-sleep, the keen-eyed Tith-ing man would soon find them out, and wake them with his rod. Poor lit-tle boys and girls of that long a-go! We should think it hard to sit on the hard bench; and more so if we had to keep a-wake. The church was a small house, which was cold in win-ter. Each of the wives took with her a small square box, made of tin in a frame of wood, called a foot-stove. This was filled with coals from the fire, and was



THE "TITH-ING MAN."

passed a-long the pew to each of the folk in turn. The wo-men wore great cloaks, made thick and long, which kept them warm if the weath-er was not too cold. The young had thick warm clothes, and so did not mind the cold.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST WHITE MEN IN MAINE.

The first white men who came to Maine sailed by its coast for the fish which were found there. These men came, filled their boats, and then sailed a-way. But it was six years or more af-ter the Pil-grims came to Plym-outh, that the first real homes were made in the place.

In 1622, the Ply-mouth com-pa-ny gave to two men, Sir Fer-di-nan-do Gor-ges and John Ma-son, the land which stretch-es from the sea to the St. Law-rence on the north, and be-tween the Mer-ri-mac and the Ken-ne-bec riv-ers. Gor-ges chose the part east of the Pis-c t-a-qua, and Ma-son to the west. That which lies in what is now Maine was Gor-ges', as you will see if you look at your map.

Now, he was a good man, and wished to found a col-o-ny where the folk might live in peace and be

hap-py. At first he hired some men to come and live on his land, and in 1630 he came with a large number, and for a time the col-o-ny did well. The first men who came had a hard time. The win-ters were cold and food was scarce. They caught fish, which they sold to the Eng-lish ships, and so kept a-live.

At this date, the men who lived on the west coast of Eng-land sent ships a-cross the sea in the fall, to catch the cod-fish, which have al-ways been found off the coast of New Eng-land. These ships, which reached the fish-ing ground by the last of De-cem-ber, tried hard to see which would take back the most fish, so they were all glad to buy, when they could, from the men on shore.

This was at Sa-co; and when Gor-ges came, he found-ed a place which he called Ag-a-men-ti-cus, not far off, which he wished to make a great cit-y. But the good man did not live long, and in time the few men who were left in Ag-a-men-ti-cus went a-way, and no great cit-y was formed. Gor-ges gave Maine its name.

The for-mer name had been La-co-nia, and the In-dian tribe was called Ab-en-a-kis. They had five large vil-la-ges; two of these were in Can-a-da, and one on each of the riv-ers An-dros-cog-gin, Ken-ne-bec, and Sa-co. These vil-la-ges had strong, high

fen-ces built a-round them ; and the wig-wams were of stout poles bent in shape and cov-ered with bark.

The French claimed Maine at first, and lived there for a short time in 1598.

Great ships have been built in this State. The first one, of for-ty tons, called the "Vir-gin-ia," was built on the bank of the Ken-ne-bec by Thom-as Dig-by. It was first used to take some col-o-nists back to Eng-land.

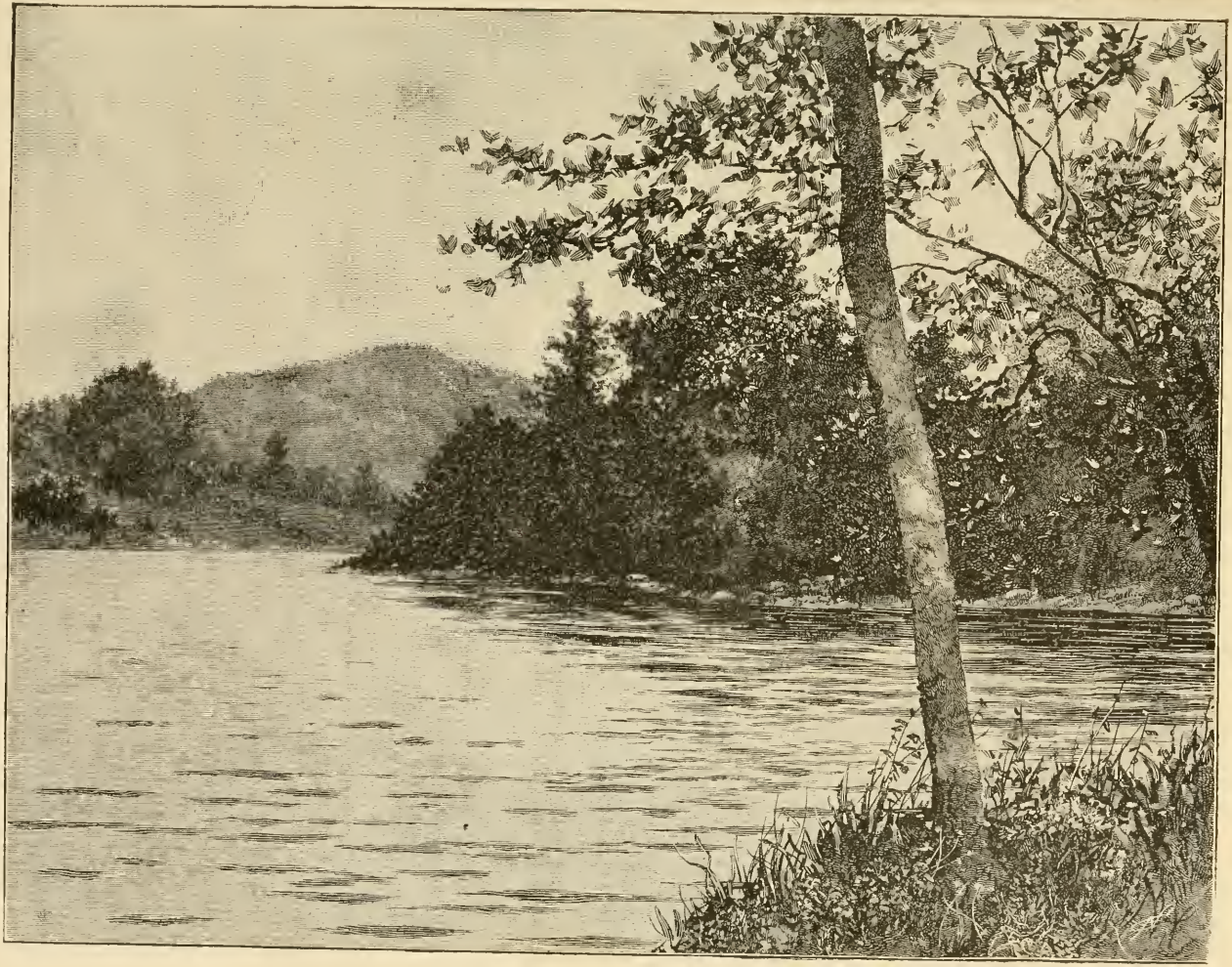
In 1652, Maine west of the Ken-ne-bec was joined to Mass-a-chu-setts. In 1820 Maine was made a se-par-ate State.

CHAPTER X.

FIRST WHITE MEN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The grant of land which fell to John Ma-son's share was that be-tween the Mer-ri-mac and the Pis-cat-a-qua riv-ers. This he called New Hamp-shire. In 1629 he sent a few men to this land, and they lived where Ports-mouth and Do-ver now stand.

In the year 1623, six years be-fore this, a Scot-tish gen-tle-man, Da-vid Thomp-son by name, came to that bit of coast known as O-di-orne Point, which is now Rye. With the few men he brought, he made it a post, or place where the white men could trade



LAKE WIN-NI-PI-SEO-GEE.

with the In-dians. He caught fish too, which with the furs and game he bought from the In-dians he sent to Eng-land. He called the place Pis-cat-a-qua, from the stream at whose mouth it lay. This is an In-dian name, which means "the branch-ing of the riv-er."

Mr. Thomp-son built him a large house, and a-round this he made a high, strong wall. He lived at peace with the In-dians and paid them fair sums for their furs and game.

This old house, the first in New Hamp-shire, stood for a long time; but now not a bit of wall is left to tell where it used to look off o-ver the is-land to the great sea at the east. On the slope near by are a few graves on which the grass and wild vines grow. Here Thomp-son's men have slept through the long years which have passed since they and the In-dians lived a-lone in the fine old "Gran-ite State."

In 1630 more men came to live on the "Mason Grant," and one named Neal, a brave sol-dier, went up the riv-er in search of the lake the In-dians had praised so much. But he went the wrong way, and did not find it. This was the "Win-ni-pi-seo-gee," which some of you see each year on your way to the moun-tains.

In 1641 the men of New Hamp-shire by their own wish joined Mass-a-chu-setts, and were a part of

this col-o-ny till 1679, when they be-came the col-o-ny of New Hamp-shire once more.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST WHITE MEN IN CONNECTICUT.

The Dutch, who lived where New York now is, had for ma-ny years trad-ed with the In-dians on the north coast of Long Is-land Sound, but had shown no wish to live there. In 1631 Wah-gin-na-cut, an In-dian chief, went to Bos-ton to ask the Gov-er-nor to form a col-o-ny in the Con-nec-ti-cut val-ley. The In-dians saw by this time that the Eng-lish were of use, and liked to have them near to buy their skins and game.

So the chief told Gov-er-nor Win-throp that he would send so much corn and so ma-ny bea-ver skins to Bos-ton each year, if the Eng-lish would set-tle near the great riv-er.

The men of Bos-ton could not do this at once; and when the Dutch heard that the Pu-ri-tans might come to that place, they bought a small tract of land of the In-dians and built Fort Good Hope. This was near Hart-ford. Soon af-ter, Gov-er-nor Win-throp sent a small ship un-der a man named Holmes,

to form the col-o-ny as the In-dians had wished. He sailed up the riv-er past the fort. As he came near its walls, the Dutch asked why they had come. The Pu-ri-tans said they were on their way to found a set-tle-ment, but the Dutch told them to go back; when the Pu-ri-tans would not turn, the fort fired up-on their ship. No one was hurt, and the set-tle-ment was made six miles a-bove the fort, where the town of Wind-sor now stands. The Dutch tried the best they could to oust them, but it was of no use, and at last were forced to let them stay. In a few years they sold their claims to the Eng-lish.

In 1635 a few men from Wa-ter-town and some of the oth-er pla-ces near Bos-ton made up their minds to go out west and live in a new land. They left in the fall, and made their way through the woods as best they could. They drove their cat-tle be-fore them. It was so cold that they were forced to stop near Plym-outh, and in the spring some of their men went back home. The oth-ers, led by the "good and wise" Thom-as Hook-er, went on to Hart-ford. This was "out west" then. In the warm months more men came to the Con-nec-ti-cut val-ley to live.

Weth-ers-field was one of the spots these men chose for a home. In 1636 these three towns joined un-der one set of laws or "con-sti-tu-tion," as it was called, and the Con-nec-ti-cut Col-o-ny was formed.



GO-ING TO CALL ON A FRIEND. 67

This con-sti-tu-tion has been so much liked for its wis-dom, that much of it has been cop-ied in those of the oth-er States of the Un-ion. As it was the first writ-ten con-sti-tu tion of its kind in the world, the men of Con-nec-ti-cut are proud of it, and well they may be.

In 1662, when the col-o-nies of Con-nec-ti-cut and New Ha-ven were joined, they sent to Charles II., who was King of Eng-land at the time, for a char-ter. That is, the men of the col-o-ny were so shrewd they wrote the char-ter they wished on a piece of pa-per, and had the young-er Win-throp, son of the Gov-er-nor of that name, take it to Eng-land for the King to sign.

Win-throp was just the man to do this, for he had much wit, and was a good man to talk. He made life in the far west seem like a bright myth to the King, with his tales of the great woods, and the game found in them, the rich soil, and sweet fruits not found a-cross the seas. Then the fights with the In-dians seemed such wild, bold acts, to those who did not see the sad side of them, that it was not strange the King was so much pleased with this far-off land that he signed the paper as Win-throp wished. Of this char-ter, which bore the date A-pril 1662, you will hear more as you read in the his-to-ry.

Hook-er and his men had but just built their



PE-QUODS FIGHT THE WHITE MEN.

hous-es and the small "meet-ing house" you see in the cut, when the Pe-quod In-dians made raids on their homes and cat-tle. John En-di-cott was sent to whip them, and he did this so well that he made a foe of the strong tribe.

The Pe-quods were a tribe of fierce In-dians, who lived be-tween the Con-nec-ti-cut Riv-er and Nar-ra-gan-sett Bay. The next spring they came down on the white men, and killed thir-ty. Now the Eng-lish felt that they must wage war on these In-dians; so nine-ty men well armed sailed down the riv-er, and by the Pe-quod fort a-round in-to Nar-ra-gan-sett Bay.

When they had made up their minds to rid the land of this bad tribe, help came from a source they had not thought of. You know Ca-non-i-cus tried to make war with the Pil-grims when he sent the bunch of ar-rows; now he came to the Eng-lish, and begged them to let him fight the Pe-quods with them. The tribes were still foes, and the old chief saw in this a chance to get the best of his en-e-my.

The In-dians saw the white men sail by, and thought they feared to land, when they saw how large a force they had in their fort; so they were glad, and danced and shout-ed, and made all the noise they could, that the whites might fear them the more. In time they grew tired with these wild do-ings, and by morn were all fast a-sleep. Then the Eng-lish came

up to the fort, set it on fire, shot most of the men, and killed the squaws and young; so that but few of the tribe were left. These joined oth-er tribes; and the Pe-quods were no more. Af-ter this the white men in Con-nec-ti-cut had no fear of the In-dians for some years.

In 1637, a band from Bos-ton came to New Ha-ven and bought the land of the In-dians. Mr. Ea-ton, a Lon-don mer-chant, and John Dav-en-port, a min-is-ter, were the head men. This was for a long time called the "New Ha-ven Col-o-ny," but was at last joined to the Con-nec-ti-cut by the char-ter you have just read a-bout.

Then Con-nec-ti-cut was a large place. King Charles II. said that Mass-a-chu-setts should bound it on the north, Long Is-land Sound on the south, while "Nar-ra-gan-sett Riv-er" was on the east, and the Pa-cif-ic O-cean on the west. Men did not know at that time how far a-way the Pa-cif-ic was.

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST WHITE MEN IN RHODE ISLAND.

The Pu-ri-tans were set in their ways of thought, as has been said; and would let no one stay with them who did not think and live as they did. They knew they were right and all oth-ers were wrong.

When Rog-er Wil-liams, a min-is-ter of Sa-lem, said he felt they were too strict; that he did not think it well to force men to go to church, and some oth-er such things, they made him give up preach-ing. They said, too, he must leave the land. But as it was cold, they at last told him he could stay till spring, but must not preach in the time.

For a while all went well; then the Pu-ri-tans heard that he still held meet-ings in his own house, and they were a-bout to put him in jail, when he heard of it, and was warned to go to Mass-a-so-it by the Gov-er-nor him-self. So, in the cold snow, he made his way on foot through the woods to the Nar-ra-gan-sett.

He first went to the house of Wil-liam Black-stone, in Re-ho-both, and stayed with him for a time. Black-stone was, you know, the first white man in Bos-ton. He lived there a lone qui-et life, till the

white men came from Sa-lem. To be sure, it was by his own wish that they came. The wa-ter in Sa-lem



PU-RI-TAN GIRL, A.D. 1644.

was so bad that it made the men who had come there to live, sick when they drank it; and the spring at

Black-stone's land was sweet and pure; so he sent for them to come there to live. But in time he found he did not like their ways, so he sold most of his land to them and went far off in the woods to live, where he could do what he thought right.

This tract of land they set a-part as a com-mon field for their cows,—or a place for the men to drill in when they were forced to do so. That field is Bos-ton Com-mon.

Then Wil-liams stopped at See-konk, now East Prov-i-dence; but Gov-er-nor Win-throp sent him word in a kind let-ter that the land he was on be-longed to the Plym-outh Col-o-ny. On this, he went to the west shore, and walk-ing round a small point of land to a fine hill not far off, made his home there.

He called this place Prov-i-dence, in thanks "For ma-ny oth-er Prov-i-denc-es of the most ho-ly and on-ly wise." These were his own words.

Rog-er Wil-liams was a good man, and he left ma-ny friends in Mass-a-chu-setts. For some years he had been learn-ing the In-dian tongue. He had spent hours in their wig-wams in the smoke and dirt; had slept in them too, that he might learn to talk with the Red men and make them Christ-ians, as you know El-i-ot did. Now that he was cast here in a land filled with In-dians, he found it nice to speak with them. The In-dians were pleased as well, and

soon be-came his fast friends. They helped him build his house, and when he was in need gave him food to eat.

It is said that as he and his five friends came in sight of the wa-ter, an In-dian ran out of the woods and cried, "What cheer, friends? What cheer!"

The slate rock on the west side of the See-konk Riv-er, on which he first stepped, is called "What Cheer Rock;" and is looked up-on with pride by all true Rhode Is-land-ers. The fine park in Prov-i-dence that bears his name, was once the farm on which he and his In-dian friends plant-ed the corn for their bread.

When his house was built, he sent to Sa-lem for his wife and chil-dren; and they came to Rhode Is-land to live. His friends in Mass-a-chu-setts came to see him in his new home, and some made homes and stayed. He called on Mass-a-so-it at So-wams, ten miles a-way, and had a good friend in the great chief as long as he lived. The In-dian name for Prov-i-dence was Moo-shau-sick.

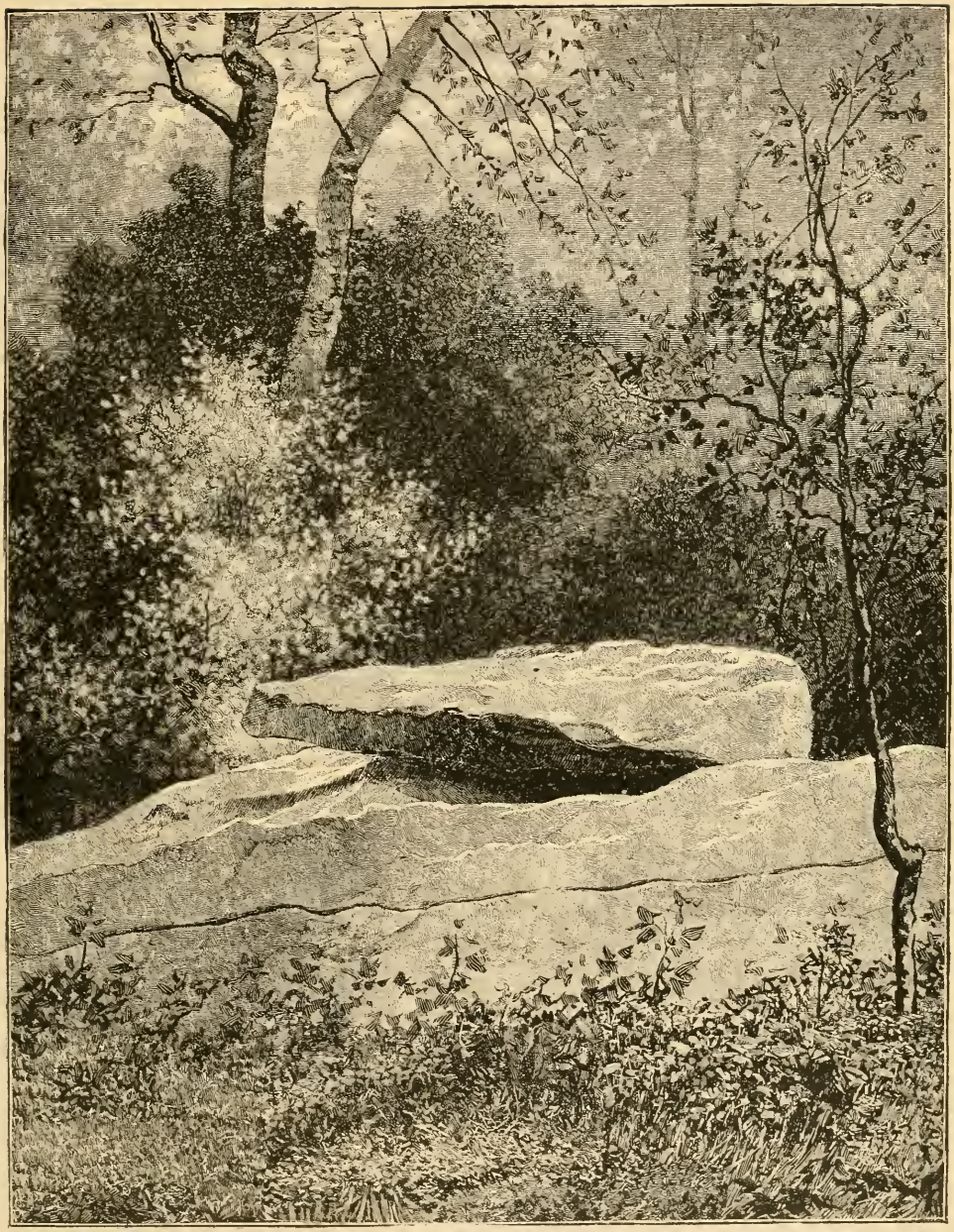
In the spring of 1637, the Pu-ri-tans at Bos-ton were ill at ease, for more of their mem-bers were not quite right in their thoughts of God; at least the Pu-ri-tans felt so. They tried to make them see as they should, but it was of no use; so eight-een persons

were sent out from Bos-ton to make a home where they could.

One bright wo-man, Anne Hutch-in-son by name, led these peo-ple. She had thought much, and felt, like Wil-liams, that the Pu-ri-tans were too strict. These stern men did not think that wo-men had a right to talk or think a-bout such things, and were sad and much hurt in their hearts by her "bad ways," as they called them; so sent her off. She, with her friends, knew they could find a home in Rhode Is-land; so they made their way to that place. Rog-er Wil-liams told them of a fair is-land down the bay where they might make them a good home; he went with them to see it and then helped them buy it of Ca-non-i-cus. This was the is-land of Rhode Is-land, and they lived on the north end. They called the place Ports-mouth.

So ma-ny came to join them, that some were forced to go to the south end, where New-port now is. Wil-liam Cod-ding-ton, a rich man, was the first to set-tle there. He was in time made the first Gov-er-nor of Rhode Is-land.

As the land a-round Prov-i-dence was filled, men went down the bay to a place on the Paw-tux-et Riv-er, and lived there. In a year or more, Sam-u-el Gor-ton, a man who went from place to place to preach, came there. The men of Paw-tux-et did not



DRUM ROCK. 77

want him, and turned him out,—as the Bos-ton peo-ple had once done to them.

Then Gor-ton bought a spot the In-dians called Shaw-o-met, and went there to live. The place is now known as War-wick Neck.

Here is to be seen the far-famed "Drum Rock," which was used by the In-dians to call their band to-geth-er, when for a-ny cause they felt the need of do-ing so. It rests up-on two points, and is so well poised that it can be moved by the hand, and it is said, is at times rocked by the wind. When start-ed, it moves for some time, and makes a dull sound which can be heard a long way. On still nights it has been heard as far as six or eight miles. How strange it seems to use a rock for a drum call.

In 1641, Rich-ard Smith set up a trad-ing post on the west side of the bay, on land he bought of the Nar-ra-gan-sett tribe. The town of Wick-ford now stands on the spot.

There was now war in Eng-land for a long time, and the Col-o-nists ceased to think or ask much of that land, but ruled in the New World as they liked. In 1643, Mass-a-chu-setts, Plym-outh Col-o-ny, Con-nec-ti-cut, and New Ha-ven joined their strength to bet-ter fight their foes,—the Dutch and the In-dians. They called this un-ion The U-nit-ed Col-o-nies of New Eng-land.

Rhode Is-land wished to join; but Rog-er Wil-liams was a Bap-tist, you know, and the Pu-ri-tans were not friends of this sect; so they told the Col-o-nies of Prov-i-dence and Rhode Is-land they need look for no help from them.

This was not the worst thing in the case. The Plym-outh Col-o-ny said they owned a large part of the poor lit-tle col-o-ny, and Con-nec-ti-cut claimed the rest. No one knew just where the lines which bound-ed these col-o-nies ought to be. Prov-i-dence un-der Rog-er Wil-liams, and Rhode Is-land un-der Cod-ding-ton, were so weak that it seemed they would soon cease to be. So in 1652 Rog-er Wil-liams came back from Eng-land with a char-ter which joined the two.

In Ju-ly, 1663, Charles II., who, you know, gave Con-nec-ti-cut the char-ter they wished, sent a still bet-ter one to Rhode Is-land. This gave to the col-o-ny rights which the oth-ers did not have, and best of all, fixed the line which bound-ed their land. This char-ter is still to be found in Rhode Is-land, and was that un-der which the men of that State lived till 1842, long af-ter the U-nit-ed States were free from Eng-lish rule.

CHAPTER XIII.

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

As each year brought more white men to our shores, the num-ber of red-skins grew less and less; so by 1657, some thir-ty years af-ter the Eng-lish first came, there were fif-ty thous-and white men and on-ly thir-ty thous-and na-tives in New Eng-land. There were ma-ny "pray-ing In-dians" in all the tribes but those of Rhode Is-land; these still held their own faith.

The a-ged Mass-a-so-it, who had been so good a friend to the Pil-grims, slept with his fath-ers; and Phil-ip, his son, ruled o-ver the Wam-pa-no-ags. Phil-ip's home was at Po-ka-nok-et, the In-dian name for Mount Hope. Phil-ip was a proud, brave man, and would have been a good friend to the whites if they had done their part. But the Pil-grims were stern and hard, and felt that those In-dians who would not join the pray-ing band had no right to be thought of. So they bought up from time to time the land, and paid small sums for it, till the Wam-pa-no-ags were pushed in-to two small necks near the town of Bris-tol.



MOUNT HOPE.

One by one they saw their best corn-fields ta-ken from them, and the woods where they had hunt-ed were fast be-ing cleared a-way. It seemed to them then, that they would soon be pushed in-to the bay, if they did not do some-thing to stop it.

But Phil-ip, whose In-dian name was Po-met-a-com, was a wise chief, and did not like to make foes of the white men; so he bore all this in quiet, and tried to keep his war-riors with him at Po-ka-nok-et, so that they should do no harm to the Eng-lish near by.

He knew full well that he had but sev-en hun-dred war-riors he could be sure of aid-ing him. The Nar-ra-gan-setts were his foes, as they had ev-er been, and might take sides with the whites. All the In-dian tribes in New Eng-land were scat-tered, and he could not trust them as friends.

But the Eng-lish were joined, and well armed. They had towns and strong hous-es to fall back to, and—best of all—plen-ty of food; while he had but the swamps and his poor wig-wams, and lit-tle food stored for his men. If he was forced to leave his home, all his stores were to be left too; for these were hid in holes dug in the ground. Holes were made, and then lined with a kind of bas-ket work the In-dian squaws made of the sweet-flag, which grows to this day near Mount Hope. Then the corn was poured in, and the whole cov-ered with flags and dirt.



PHIL-IP AT MOUNT HOPE. 83

So you see it was not safe for a tribe to go far from home in the cold months.

He lived on the east slope of Mount Hope, with his wife and ba-by boy whom he loved ve-ry much, a sad lone life. From his wig-wam, lined with mats and soft furs, he could look o-ver the land that used to be his, but was now well dot-ted with the log hous-es of the Pil-grims. He was true to the friends he made a-mong the white men, and more than once saved them from his mad war-riors.

At last, in the year 1774, a false In-dian went to the Pu-ri-tans and told tales of his chief. Then the white men sent word to King Phil-ip to come to them and be tried for the thing they had a-gainst him. His war-riors were an-gry at this, and killed the In-dian who told the tales. When the Eng-lish heard of it, they caught the men who had done the deed, and hanged them for it.

This act made Phil-ip's young war-riors wild with rage; and not heed-ing what their chief said, they rushed upon the set-tlers in Swan-sey, and killed eight or nine men. War was thus begun; and it is said that Phil-ip wept when he heard the white men's blood had been shed! He was forced to fight a-gainst his will; but when he saw there was no help for it, he made a foe the Eng-lish might well dread.

The Mass-a-chu-setts Col-o-ny joined the Plym-

outh, in whose grant of land Mount Hope lay, and in less than a month drove all the In-dians from Po-ka-nok-et. Phil-ip and his men spread through the whole land, and roused the tribes as they went.

Now the Pil-grims went to the Nar-ra-gan-sett tribe, and by threats forced Ca-non-chet, their chief, to say he would keep the peace. He al-so was to give up any In-dians who were foes to the whites, should they come on his land. We can say here that he did not keep his word; he did not mean to keep it when he gave it, for he hat-ed the white men quite as much as Phil-ip did.

In-dians do not fight like white men. They hide be-hind trees or rocks, and fire at their foes, when they have no thought a foe is near. So the whole land was full of war, and no one knew when he was safe. Men were shot in the fields, and boys while they watched their sheep; hous-es were burned, and whole fam-i-lies slain. Moth-ers with their babes in their arms, were shot down, and the sight of an In-dian made a strong heart quail.

At this time Deer-field was burned, and Brook-field set on fire. Had-ley was al-so fired one Lord's Day while the folk were all in church, but a her-mit, —that is a man who lived in the wood, and had naught to do with men,—saw the flames, and rushed to the church, gave the a-larm, and so saved the

place. Then he went back to his home, and was seen no more.

A man named Beers, with twen-ty of his friends, were killed near North-field; and news of blood-shed was heard from ev-e-ry vil-lage.

On the 18th of Sep-tem-ber, 1675, La-throp's com-pa-ny, made up of one hun-dred fine, bright young men, "the flow-er of Es-sex," as they have been called, were on their way from Deer-field to a near town, with the grain they had reaped, when they were fired on by a band of In-dians who were hid be-hind the trees. The white men were all killed; and the name "Blood," giv-en to a small stream which flows by the spot, still tells the tale of that day.

CHAPTER XIV.

KING PHILIP'S DEATH.

Soon af-ter this sad day at Deer-field, Spring-field was burned, and in the same month Had-ley was fired once more.

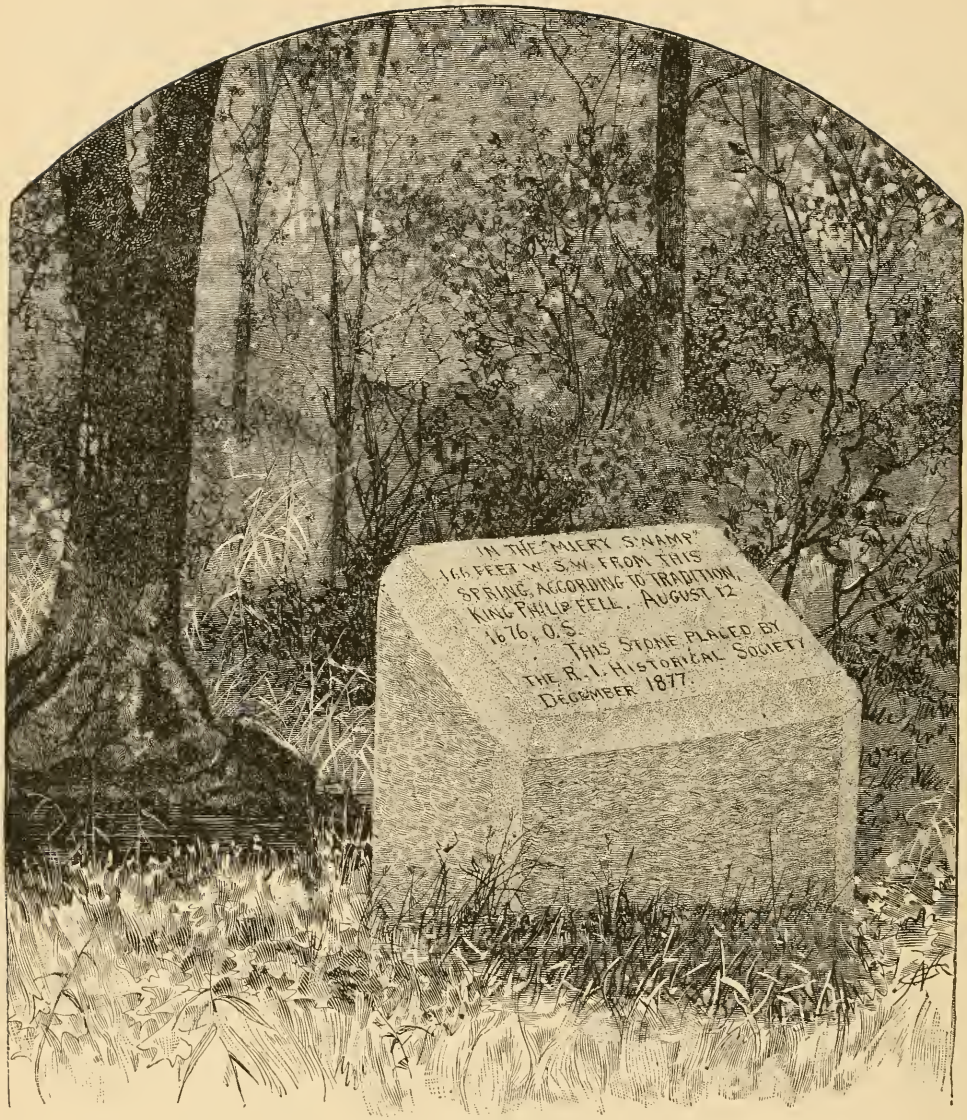
But as win-ter came on, the white men had not so much to fear; the leaves were off the trees, and there were less good spots for their foes to hide in. Soon the tribes went to make their win-ter home with

the Nar-ra-gan-setts, on the west side of the bay. Here they built their wig-wams in the midst of a great swamp, and stored their food near by.

Now seemed a good chance for the Eng-lish to pay them for the bad things they had done. So in De-cem-ber, a large force, un-der Cap-tain Church, rushed in up-on them, burned their wig-wams and their win-ter's food, and killed ma-ny In-dians. It is said that all the old men, wo-men, and young of the tribe died in the flames. Ca-non-chet ran a-way but was soon caught in a place a few miles north of Prov-i-dence.

Those In-dians who got off found it hard to get food or homes through the rest of the win-ter. They were forced to scratch un-der the snow for the a-corns and nuts which lay on the ground; and the blood stains left on the crust showed how sore their hands were from this hard task. They were glad to get a dead horse, or a cow which had been sick and died, to eat; and by spring this kind of food made most of them sick-en and die. You know that flesh of an-i-mals which have died is not safe to eat. The cow or ox must be in health when it is killed, if we are to be made strong by its flesh.

Now the war had been a long time, and the In-dians as well as the white men were tired of it. While the vil-la-ges of Gro-ton, Marl-bo-rough, Wey-



PHIL IP'S MON·U-MENT. 88

mouth, Med-field, and Lan-cas-ter were fired and burned, the In-dians were turn-ing a-gainst Phil-ip, and tried to lay all the blame of their woes on him.

At last the poor chief left his wife and ba-by, and went back to his old home to take a last look at the spot he had once been hap-py in, and to see the graves of his fath-er and broth-ers. Here, but a stone's throw from the site of his wig-wam, he was shot by an In-dian spy, and with his death the war came to an end.

The white men took his boy, who had nev-er done them the least harm, and sent him to Ber-mu-da, where he was sold for a slave. In that way they paid Mass-a-so-it for his kind acts to them.

In this war more than six hun-dred white men had been killed, and as ma-ny of their hous-es burned.

While we are talk-ing of King Phil-ip and his In-dians, you may like to know how they talked, so here is the Lord's pray-er in Wam-pa-no-ag:—

Noo-shun kes-uk-qut, qut-tian-at-am-unch koo-we-su-onk, kuk-ket-as-soo-tam-oonk pey-au-moo-utch, kut-te-nan-tam-oo-onk ne nai, ne-ya-ne ke-suk-qut kah oh-ke-it. As-sa-ma-i-in-ne-an ko-ko-ke-suk-o-da-e nut-as-e-suk-ok-ke pe-tuk-qun-neg. Kah ah-quo-an-tam-a-i-in-ne-an num-match-e-se-ong-an-on-ash, ne-wutch-e ne-na-wun wonk nut-ah-quo-an-tam-au-o-un-non-og nish-noh pasuk noo-na-mon-tuk-quoh-who-nan, kah

ahque sag-kom-pa-gin-ne-an en qutch-e-het-tu-ong-a-nit, qut poh-qua-wus-sin-ne-an wutch match-i-tut.

CHAPTER XV.

CHURCH TAKES ANNAWON.

Cap-tain Ben-ja-min Church had but just reached his home in Lit-tle Comp-ton, when word came to him from the men at Plym-outh that the In-dians, with An-na-won at their head, were in the woods near Swan-sey and Re-ho-both, and had caused the men of those towns much fright.

He knew that on the day of Phil-ip's death he had heard a great, sour faced In-dian call out "*I-oo-tash! I-oo-tash!*" and had asked one of his In-dians what it meant. "That," said his friend, "is An-na-won, Phil-ip's great war-rior, call-ing to his men to be brave and fight the white men well." But the poor red man saw he had no chance to win, so made his way, with the small band of In-dians left, to the near woods.

Cap-tain Church had a hard time to raise men for this work, for all were tired by this time of the fights with the In-dians; but at last he made up a small band, and with them went to-wards the spot where

the foe was thought to be. For some days they walked the woods, but saw no signs of them. One



PU-RI-TAN YOUTH, A.D. 1644.

day an In-dian who had just joined the whites begged Cap-tain Church to let him go and fetch his fath-er,

who, he said, was about four miles from that place in a swamp, with no one but a young squaw. Church made up his mind to go with him; for he thought he might learn from these new In-dians where An-na-won was.

At this time Church had but one white man and six In-dians with him; for when he came, he had thought to get some i-de-a of where the foe was, and then send back to the old fort at Po-cas-set for Lieu-ten-ant How-land and the rest of his men. But he did not like to lose what looked like a chance of find-ing where the In-dians were, so pushed on with his small force.

When they came to the swamp, he bade the In-dian go and find his fath-er, while he and his men wait-ed for them at that place.

As soon as he had gone, Church saw an In-dian trail, or path, a few feet off in the woods, and called to his men to lie low, some on one side of it and some on the oth-er. Soon they heard the In-dian howl for his fath-er, and in a short time some one called back. Now a step was heard on the path near them; and next an In-dian, with a gun in his hand, came in sight. Back of him was a bright-eyed In-dian girl, or squaw. Church let them come to where he was hid, then jumped up and laid hold on both. He asked the girl what camp she came from last, and she

said "Cap-tain An-na-won's." Church was glad then. But when he learned that An-na-won did not stay in the same place two nights at a time, that he had from fif-ty to six-ty brave war-riors with him now, he did not quite know what to do.

"How ma-ny miles is he from here?" he asked of the girl.

"I do not know your 'miles,'" she said, "but if you start now and walk through the swamp, you will reach his place by the time the sun goes down." Then Church asked his men what they thought of the quest. Though the In-dians knew the foe they were to meet far bet-ter than their white friends, they said where Church went they would go. So all the rest of the day they tramped through the lone swamp, while the old In-dian and the squaw led the way. Just as the sun went down the guide told them to halt. "What for?" asked Church, who wished to push on.

"At this hour," said the girl, "An-na-won sends out his scouts to make sure that all is safe; when they come back, he makes his camp, and rests for the night."

When the shades grew black, and the stars came out one by one a-bove the great tree tops, the small band went on once more. At last they came to a large ledge of rock, moss-grown, and quite hid from

view by the tall trees on all sides: as they neared it a dull sound seemed to come from the oth-er side,—and there, the guide told them, they would find the camp.

This rock is of a strange shape; on its north side the slope is so slight that one can walk to the top with ease, but on the south it is as steep as the side of a house, and some thir-ty feet high. It was un-der this great wall of rock that An-na-won and his men were at rest. Cap-tain Church crept to the top and looked down on the camp.

The great In-dian cap-tain, with his son and a few of his head men, were near a camp fire, stretched out at whole length on the ground; while the rest of the band was spread out in spots near by.

At a place a short way from them were all their guns, placed a-gainst a rail which was stretched on two forked sticks. They were kept from the dew by a mat which was thrown o-ver them.

In front of some of the fires, great piec-es of meat were roast-ing on spits; while o-ver them huge pots were hung, in which their suc-co-tash boiled.

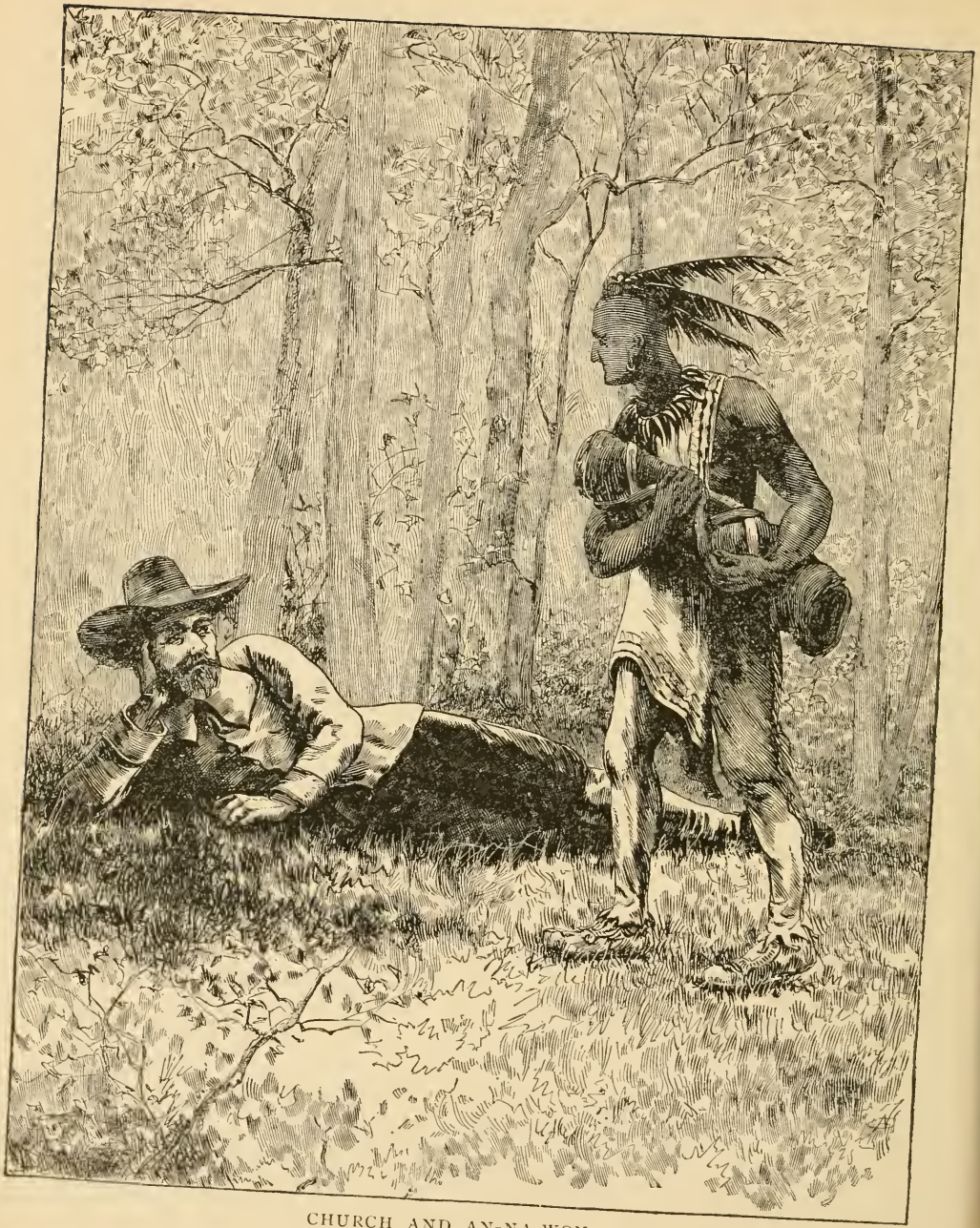
Near by, an old squaw was pound-ing in a mortar some dried green corn, which she thus made into meal. That was the dull noise they had heard when they first came near the spot. Down this steep wall they must go, or be shot; for the In-dians would

know a foe was near if they tried to reach them by some oth-er way. The guides told them that An-na-won would not let his men come back by a-ny oth-er path.

The old squaw made a great deal of noise with her mor-tar, and at last Church thought how he could reach his foes, and they not hear him come. First their guns must be ta-ken. So he sent the In-dian and the squaw on in front, and came close to them, un-der the great bas-kets they had on their backs. If An-na-won saw them, he would think they had just come from their hunt in the woods, and would not, he hoped, see the white face so near. But for fear he might see them, Church thought it best not to let the tribe hear their steps. When the old squaw pound-ed, they went down; but when she stopped to turn her corn, they lay back on the rock to rest.

Just as they reached the ground, young An-na-won saw Church!—but in fear threw his blan-ket o-ver his head, and lay quite still. The brave Cap-tain dashed on and took the guns, and set four of his In-dians as guard o-ver them. Then he turned to old An-na-won, who had at last seen him, and stood o-ver him.

"Ho-woh!" (the In-dian word for wel-come,) cried that old war-rior as he looked up to the white face. He seemed to have no thought of flight, for he thought



CHURCH AND AN-NA-WON.

there were ma-ny more white men on all sides of his camp. Church let the oth-er In-dians know he would not harm them if they were qui-et. How could he with his six men? He then told An-na-won that he had come to sup with him. "What have you to eat?" he asked.

"Cow beef and horse beef; which will you have?" he said.

It would not be hard to guess that Cap-tain Church liked the "cow beef" best, or that he made a good meal of it with the cakes the squaw made from the corn she was pound-ing when they jumped down the rocks.

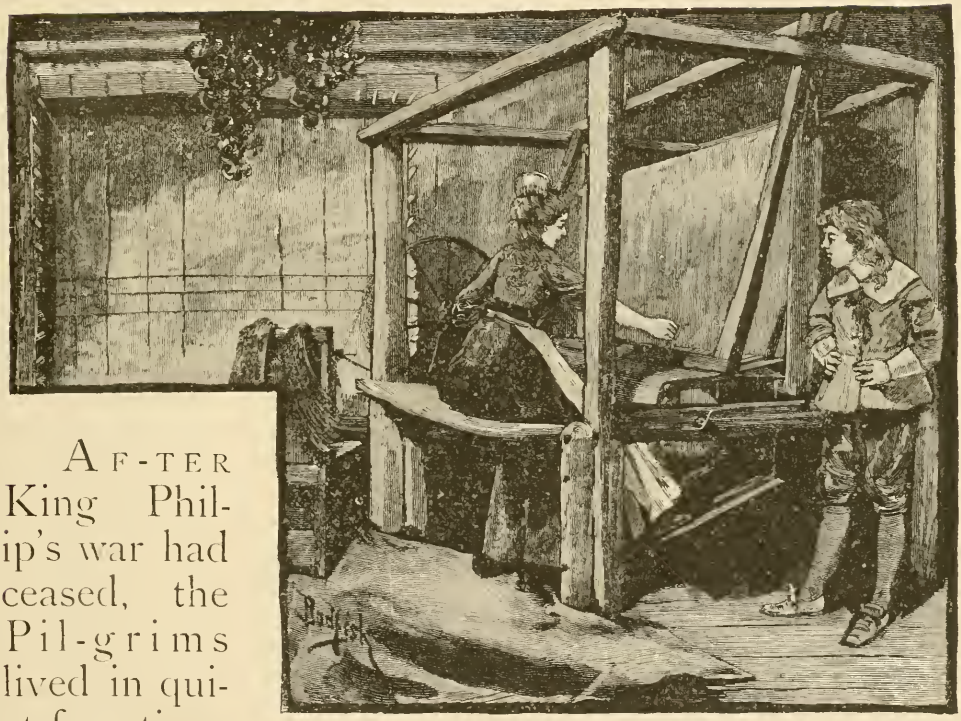
Then he and his men watched while the In-dians slept. An-na-won did not sleep, but lay with his gaze fixed on a lone star, through the long night. Towards morn, Church saw him glance over at him to make sure he slept, and then with soft steps run off in-to the woods. He watched with his eyes half closed, and soon saw the old chief come back with a large roll in his arms. This he brought to where Church lay, and with a sad face said, "Great captain, you have killed Phil-ip, you have won his lands, and now you have tak-en the last of his war-riors; the war is end-ed by you, and so these things are by right yours." Then he took from his pack a fine belt which was Phil-ip's. It was nine inch-es wide, and of such

length that when it was put a-round the neck of Church it hung to his feet. This was made of wam-pum so strung as to make fine pic-tures of birds, beasts, and flow-ers its whole length. He then took out a belt, just as fine; which was used for Phil-ip's head dress. This had two flags that hung down his back. Now a small belt with a star on one end was passed to him; this An-na-won said Phil-ip wore on his breast. At last two horns of pow-der and a large fine red cloth were laid by the belts, and Church had the full dress of state—the crown, we might say—of the great Wam-pa-no-ag tribe.

An-na-won was sent to Plym-outh, and Church tried hard to spare his life; but while he was off for a short time, the coun-cil had the old war-rior killed. The good cap-tain felt sad when he heard of this, but he could not help it then.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOME LIFE.



WEAV-ING CLOTH.

AF-TER King Phil-ip's war had ceased, the Pil-grims lived in qui-et for a time. The wives taught their girls to sew, spin flax and wool, and to weave. A-ny girl could knit a stock-ing by the time she was eight years old, and at ten she was made to do her share of the spin-ning. All their clothes were made at home, and the cloth too. The

blan-kets and sheets, tow-els and ta-ble cloths, were all wov-en by the wife and girls of the house. This, with the house-work, took up most of their time. The Pil-grim moth-ers were neat and clean house-wives,



A "MARM'S SCHOOL."

and each girl had her share in the work. As bare floors were in use, each had to be scoured two or three times a week. But this was not all; small heaps of damp sand were thrown on in spots, which

no doubt made it look quite fine, in the eyes of the Pu-ri-tan wives. On the next day, the sand, now well dry, was swept o-ver the floor in strange shapes. One, which was well liked, was called "her-ring bone," and was made by sweep-ing the width of one or two boards one way, the next line an-oth-er way, and so on the whole room. When it was done the boys and girls were made to walk o-ver it with care, and in sum-mer could not come in at all but to eat and sleep. For some years the young chil-dren were taught in one of the hous-es, at what was called a "Marm's school." Here, in the same room where the "marm" lived, cooked, wove, and slept, she had her school. In win-ter the log house was not a warm place, and if one sat far from the great fire-place, he had to look out for frost-bites on his toes and ears. So in such times, the hard bench was moved up to the fire-place, and on it the chil-dren said their strange les-sons, while the "marm" spun or knit as she wished. One old, old la-dy who went to such a school when she was a small girl, told me that she was of-ten made to help in the work "marm" had on hand at the time. Once, some great bask-ets of on-ions and red pep-pers had to be strung, and les-sons were not said till the task was done.

Then in peach time, the pits were all cracked and strung for the doc-tor of the town; and who

but the "marm's" chil-dren had time for this work. The "marm" took the pay, of course.

Here is a page from one of the books the chil-dren used in school, in that time now so long past. Are you not glad you have much nic-er books to learn from, and are not forced to use those in which "f" and "s" look the same?

At an ear-ly date a small house was built in each town, where the ol-der boys and girls went to school. A man taught in this, and a hard time these youths must have had un-der his sway. He was as stern and harsh in school as the tith-ing man was in meet-ing. Phil-e-mon Por-mont was the first school-mas-ter in Boston.

(riſe wiſe.). Doſe (doſe hoſe loſe noſe roſe).
Uſe (uſe mule). Elſe. Bate date fate gate hate late mate pate rate. Bite kite mite rite. Dote mote note vote. Lute mute. Cave have pave rave ſave wave. Dive five hive (give live ſive). Rove (dove love) (move). Gaze maze. Size.

More eaſy Leſſons on the foregoing Tables, conſiſting of Words not exceeding Four Letters.

LESSON I.

GOD doth mind all that we ſay and do.
This Life is not long; but the Life to come has no End.
We muſt love them that do not love us, as well as them that do love us.
We muſt pray for them that hate us.

PAGE FROM AN OLD SCHOOL BOOK.

The Pu-ri-tan chil-dren were strong and well; but when they were ill with a-ny of the things you all are apt to have, their moth-ers did not send for the doc-tor as is done in these days, but the poor things were dosed with all sorts of bad tast-ing herb drinks. They

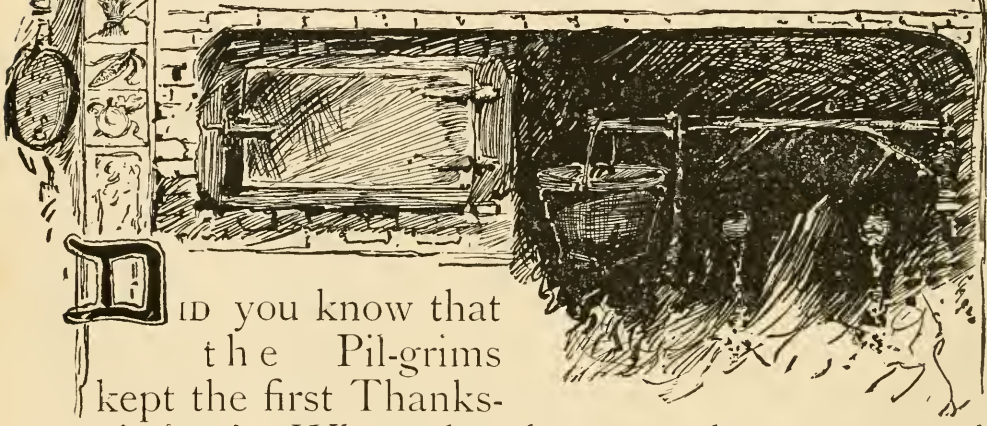
were sure to get well as quick as they could, for they were kept in bed while sick; and no child likes that, though he may have no bad tea to drink.



SICK CHILD.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.



Did you know that the Pil-grims kept the first Thanks-giv-ing? When they had been here a year, that is in the fall of 1621, Gov-er-nor Brad-ford set a-part a day for pray-er and praise. They had raised a large crop of corn, had beans and gold-en pump-kins stored in their shed; and now felt it but right to thank God for giv-ing them so much of the good things of the land.

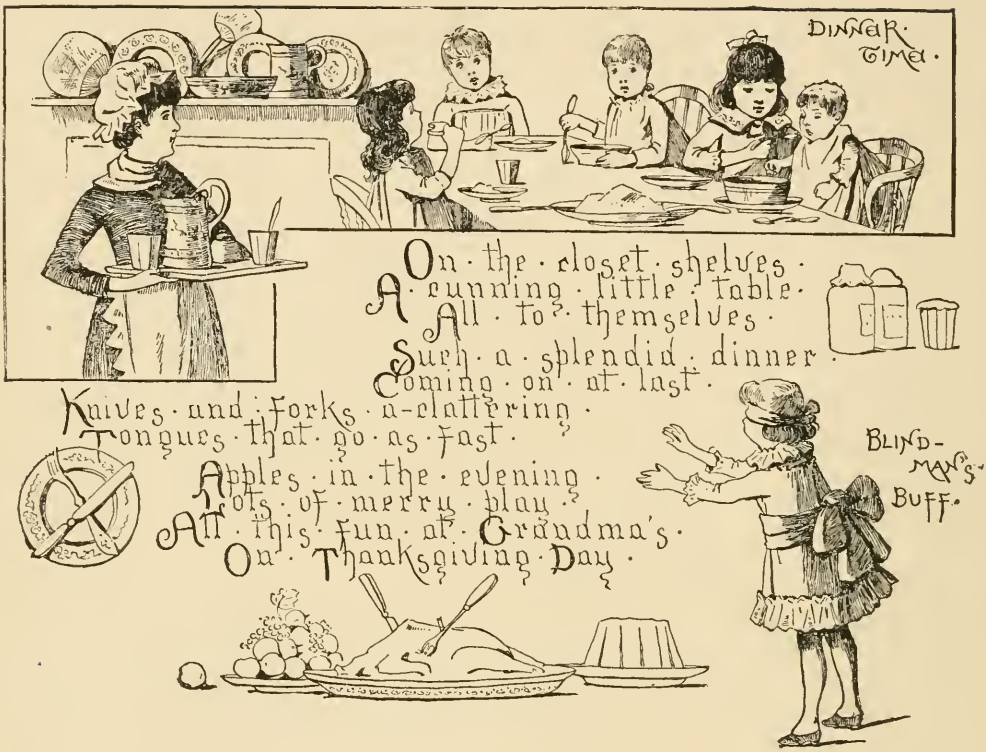
In 1623, a long drought came on; and the Pil-grims, in fear lest their crops should be spoiled, set a day in which they were to pray and fast. But while they were pray-ing, the rain came down and their crops were saved; so they changed their fast to a

feast. Each year, in the fall, this feast was kept; and was soon known by the name of "Thanks-giv-ing."

First, all the folk in the place were made to go to meet-ing, where a long, dry ser-mon was preached. Af-ter that, the feast—which, by the way, I doubt if a-ny of my young friends of to-day would think a feast at all—was eat-en by each house-hold. So the first grand Thanks-giv-ing Days were kept.

La-ter, as men moved to new lands, they liked to all meet once a year, in the old home where they had lived when young; and what time seemed so good for this as Thanks-giv-ing Day?





New Eng-land folk have kept up this cus-tom; and e-ven now the great fam-i-ly finds its way back to the old farm-house on Thanks-giv-ing Day, and for a time at least, en-joys the cold and snow of the harsh win-try sea-son.

Now is the time that the great goose is roast-ed in front of the fire, and the long lines of "pump-kin pies" on the shelf tell us that the brick o-ven has done its share for the feast. You know the "brick o-ven" is a great square hole made in the chim-ney when

that was first built, and was used to bake in long before stoves were made. It has an i-ron door which is air tight. In old-en times, once a week, the brick o-ven was filled full of wood, which was then set on fire, and the door left o-pen. As the wood burned, the sides and top were made so hot that they held the heat for a long time. When the wood had all burned, the o-ven was swept out, and the pies, bread, brown-bread, In-dian pud-ding, and beans for the week, were put in and the door was closed. Most of these were left in all night, and in the morn-ing came out hot for break-fast. At Thanks-giv-ing time all these and more good things find their way in-to the brick o-ven, to help out the feast which none are too old to en-joy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SAD TIMES WITH THE CHARTERS.

When the war was at an end in Eng-land, and Charles II. was made King, Mass-a-chu-setts did not in the least court his smiles. She was so used to having her own way in all things, that her head men did not like the King to tell them what they should do.

In time, Charles turned his thoughts to this land,

and sent men here to rule the folk. The col-o-nists would have naught to do with these; and soon the King's men went back to Eng-land, quite awed by the stern words and set ways of the Mass-a-chu-setts men.

In 1674 Charles II. gave to his broth-er, the Duke of York, af-ter-ward King James II., all the land from the Con-nec-ti-cut Riv-er to Ma-ry-land; and James made up his mind to have all that land ruled by a man whom he should choose. He did not mean to give in to the col-o-nists, as Charles II. had done.

So in the sum-mer of 1674, Sir Ed-mund An-dros was sent by him to be the gov-er-nor. An-dros sailed to Con-nec-ti-cut with some armed sloops, and tried to take the fort at Say-brook; but when the men saw what he was to do, they ran up the Eng-lish flag, and thus showed him that the fort was an Eng-lish one. Then he went on land and tried to make the men own him their gov-er-nor. But they had the char-ter King Charles gave them, and in it they were to choose their own gov-er-nor; so they would have naught to do with An-dros, and at last had the fun of see-ing him sail out in the Sound, to-wards New York. In 1685 Charles died, and James be-came King.

In De-cem-ber, 1686, An-dros, dressed in red cloth and gold lace, came in fine style to Bos-ton, as

gov-er-nor of all New Eng-land. He tried hard to have things his own way, but he had to do with a race he did not know. He took their land from them, and made them pay rent for it. When they showed him the In-dian deeds, he said they were "worth no more than the scratch of a bear's paw."

He made the men pay a pen-ny a pound for all the mon-ey they had, and a poll-tax of twen-ty pence, to the King.



MASS-A-CHU-SETTS COAST.

In 1686, when An-dros had done all the harm he could in

Mass-a-chu-setts, he went to Rhode Is-land, and called for the char-ter. He did not get it that time, thanks to Gov-er-nor Wal-ter Clarke; but the next Jan-u-a-ry he went once more, took it, and broke the seal. Then hard times in Rhode Is-land came on.

In the fall of that same year, he went to Con-nec-ti-cut once more. Here he found the "As-sem-bly in ses-sion." That is, the head men were at their meet-ing, where they made the laws, or saw that those which had been made in times past, were well kept. Here he called for their char-ter, in the King's name; and they did not dare to keep it from him. So they talked a long time o-ver it, and the room grew quite dark; but still they had much to say, so can-dles were brought. The char-ter lay on the ta-ble, and some of them felt sad as they thought it would soon be no more.

Just then, as the wise and good Gov-er-nor Treat spoke a few last words, all the lights were put out; and when they were lit no char-ter was to be found. Wil-liam Wads-worth of Hart-ford, took it and ran to an old oak near by, where he hid it in a hole on one side. An-dros did not find it, though he tried hard to do so. That tree was the grand old "Char-ter Oak" of Hart-ford, which stood till a few years a-go.

The good times in the col-o-nies seemed now to



CHAR-TER OAK.

be at an end; but help came in a way, and at a time, they did not think of. James II. was made to leave the throne, and Wil-liam of Or-ange, with Ma-ry his wife, ruled in Eng-land. Ma-ry was a daugh-ter of James II.

On A-pril 4, 1689, the news of this reached Bos-ton. An-dros soon heard of it, and tried to keep it from the men; he went so far as to shut the one who had brought it in jail, but the news spread like fire. There was much joy felt by all the col-o-nists; and at last, on the 18th of the month, the men of Bos-ton and the near towns, well armed, marched to An-dros' house, and made him their pris-on-er.

It is but a short ride from Bos-ton to Plym-outh; and in four days from that time all the King's men there were thrown in-to jail; and the old pa-per, signed in the May-flow-er, was once more brought out and made the law of the place. Not one of the fath-ers who signed it was then a-live; the days of the Pil-grims were past. A new race had sprung from them, which was as firm and just in its i-deas of the right as they had been.

CHAPTER XIX.

STATE OF THINGS IN THE COLONIES IN 1700.

In 1700 there were 94,000 folks in New Eng-land; of these 2000 were slaves and 1200 In-dians. In Bos-ton a-lone were 10,000 souls. Slaves were kept in most of the homes of the rich, and were not worth more than a good cow of to-day. Eight-y dol-lars was thought a good, fair price for a young and strong slave. The col-o-nists owned at this time 190 ships, and sent them to all parts of the world.

Ben-ja-min Frank-lin was born in Bos-ton, on a spot just a-cross from the Old South Church, on Jan-u-a-ry 6, 1706. In the next year, 1707, we are told that po-ta-toes were served at a Har-vard din-ner; but, as the balls and not the roots were cooked, they were not much liked.

In 1718, a band of Scotch Pres-by-te-ri-ans came to New Hamp-shire, and brought a few seed po-ta-toes with them. These they cut up and gave to men in these parts; some e-ven found their way to Con-nect-i-cut. At this time men thought four or five bush-els a large crop; for they feared to eat them, as it was said that if one should eat them each day he could not live long.

To raise these, as well as most of the gar-den work, fell to the wives and girls of the col-o-ny. They made and kept the kitch-en gar-den, where all the sweet herbs then in use were sure to be found, while a small plat in each was filled with the sweet old flow-ers now scarce ev-er seen. They al-so cared for the bees, two or three hives of which were thought a part of the well-kept gar-den. These New Eng-land bees were not here when the white men came, but all came from a few hives brought to Bos-ton when the place was first set-tled. The Red men called them the "white man's flies."

The wives and girls milked the cows as well. In some parts of Mass-a-chu-setts, a man, called a "hay-ward," was hired by the place to care for all the cows in the vil-lage; and they were kept in one herd and sent from place to place as the grass was poor or used up. Each man's cows were brand-ed, or marked with some mark or let-ter by a red hot i-ron, that he might tell them from the rest of the herd. If a long neck of land reached out in-to the sea near where the cows were owned, it was made com-mon field, fenced from shore to shore at the land end, and used for the cows; for here they could not get out or the wolves get in. "Cow Neck" on Long Is-land, and the beach at Na-hant, were both used in this way.

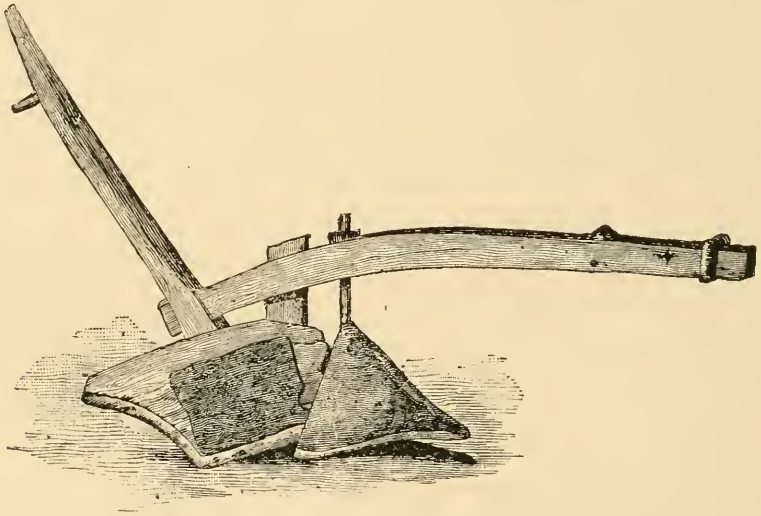
At this time a great deal of ci-der was made and used in New Eng-land; and it is said that in 1721, a place which had but for-ty fam-i-lies made three thous-and bar-rels. They must have worked hard to do this, for the ci-der mill of to-day was not in use then. The ap-ples were all pound-ed by hand in a wood-en mor-tar, like those used in mak-ing meal. This cheese, as it is at times called, was then pressed in bas-kets made at home.

The fame of the but-ter, milk, and cheese of Rhode Is-land was heard at this date; and the cows of that place must have had bet-ter care than those of the rest of New Eng-land. For it is said that in the cold months, when the boys and girls of most parts of the col-o-nies had to soak their bread in ci-der, those in this place had bread and milk for their meals.

Pigs were found in great droves all down the coast; and some of them fed so much on the waste parts of the cod-fish, that their flesh had quite a strong taste of fish. The In-dians did not like this at all; so would steal and eat the white men's *dogs*, while they left the pigs. In each house was a pork bar-rel, in which each fall the flesh of one or two of these pigs was pressed down with much salt, when it had been cut in small blocks. One or more smoke

hous-es were to be found in each place, where the hams were cured or smoked.

In 1667, a man named Hull—the same man who made the pine-tree shil-ling—chose Point Judith, on the south end of Rhode Is-land, as a good place for rais-ing hors-es; and by 1700 the hors-es of this place and near the land of Con-nec-ti-cut were



WOOD-EN PLOUGH.

known all o-ver this New World and a-cross the sea. The "Nar-ra-gan-sett Pa-cers" were of these, and are said to have learned their strange gait from the cows that were kept in the same fields with the colts.

All the tools were of a rude form and make, and some were so scarce that it is said that one plough oft-times did the work for a whole place. The own-er

went with it and did the work for his friend, or lent it, as the case might be. Carts were made at home in the cold months.



A NEW ENG-LAND JUMP-ER.

These men had been here a long time when they first learned to make and use sleds; for there was no need of such in Old Eng-land from whence they

had come. These were made of rough-hewn logs, steamed and bent in shape, for the run-ners, and caught to the frame by means of pins made of strong wood. They were not fine to look at, but the col-o-nists found them of great use while the whole land was spread with a deep crust of snow. The "jump-er" still in use on some farms for haul-ing great loads of wood to the door yard, is much like those made by the first white men.

The grain was all cut with the sick-le, and threshed with the flail.

As you have read, Squan-to taught the men to put fish in their hills of corn if they would have a good crop; so fish were need-ed by all. One min-is-ter on Cape Cod took for a part of his pay two hun-dred fish from each man in his meet-ing, to use in his sand-y corn field.

The first pa-per in this land, the "Pub-lick Oc-cur-renc-es," was start-ed in Bos-ton, Sep-tem-ber 25, 1690, by Rich-ard Pearce and Ben-ja-min Har-ris; but was stopped at once by the Brit-ish. Then came, A-pril 24, 1704, the "Bos-ton News Let-ter," and in 1719, in Bos-ton, came out the "Ga-zette."

On the 7th of Aug-ust, 1721, James Franklin and his broth-er Ben-ja-min start-ed the "New Eng-land Cour-ant." The "New Hamp-shire Ga-zette," start-ed in Oc-to-ber 1756, and the old-est pa-per in

this land, is now in its one hun-dred and thir-ty-sec-ond year.

CHAPTER XX.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS.

As more white men came to New Eng-land, the In-dians seemed to grow less. That is, they were pushed back in-to the woods, or up in-to Can-a-da. The French had come a-cross the sea long be-fore the Eng-lish made their homes in Plym-outh. They now lived on the coast, from the Ken-ne-bec to the St. Law-rence, and on the banks of this riv-er and the great lakes. These men tried hard to make the In-dians their friends. They made their own lives as much like those of the In-dians as they could, lived in wig-wams made like theirs, and at times in the same one with the red-skins. Some of the French men took In-dian girls for wives ; and so you see a strong bond grew up be-tween the two.

Now the Eng-lish had not tried to make the In-dians their friends. They did not see the need of it. They had been just to them, had e-ven tried to make Christ-ians of them ; what more could they do? That was their whole du-ty, they thought.

The French did not like the Eng-lish much; they felt they had more good things in this New Land than they ought. So it was an ea-sy thing for them to make the In-dians foes to the col-o-nists, as well. The French spared no pains to make these Red men see how much they had been wronged by the Eng-lish, and urged them to do all sorts of bad things to them, when they had the chance. These things led to a chain of wars, like beads on a string; though they were in truth one long, long war, which on-ly changed its name when a new king ruled in Eng-land.

These were: 1st. King Wil-liam's War, in 1689; 2nd. Queen Anne's War, in 1702; 3rd. King George's War, in 1744; 4th. "The Old French and In-dian War," from 1755 to 1763.

The last was by far the worst of all; though in it New Eng-land took but a small share.

In these wars, the In-dians fought as they did in Phil-ip's time, by means of fire at night, or in the day-time, from be-hind trees and stone walls. They chose the weak and lone hous-es for their spoils, and would lie in wait a week at a time, for a chance to fire a house, kill the folk, and steal what they liked from it. Dur-ing 1704 to 1710, in "Queen Anne's war," the towns of Hav-er-hill, York, Ex-e-ter, Do-ver, Sud-bu-ry, Gro-ton, and oth-ers in New Eng-

land, were set on fire by the In-dians; and some were all burned to the ground.

A sad sto-ry is told of a man named Thom-as Dus-tin, who lived in Hav-er-hill, Mass-a-chu-setts. The In-dians had been on the watch for him to leave the house for some time. At last one morn-ing they saw him with his gun in hand start for a field some way from the house. Then they rushed up to his home. Mr. Dus-tin saw them, and came back in time to save sev-en of his chil-dren. But his wife was sick in bed with a new ba-by at her side, and the In-dians were so placed, he could not get to her room. With the sev-en chil-dren, he ran off to the woods, kill-ing the In-dians who tried to stop him.



NEW ENG-LAND BA-BY OF A.D. 1700.

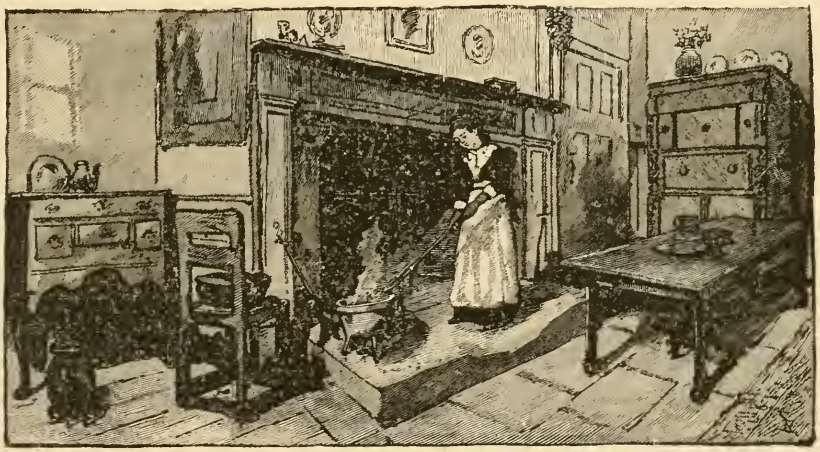
Mrs. Dus-tin was pulled from her bed, and with the ba-by, her nurse, and one lit-tle boy, who was

in the room at the time the In-dians came, was forced to go with the foe. Soon the ba-by was killed and thrown in-to the brush, for the In-dians said they could not run so fast while she had that with her; when they were tired and faint, their foe made a camp for the night; but they now learned that they had been spared on-ly to be killed in a sad way on the next day. They could not sleep; who could in such a plight? Mrs. Dus-tin was a brave wo-man, and thought hard what she could do to save them from their fate. At last, when the In-dians were all a-sleep, she gave a sign to the boy and nurse, who each caught a "tom-a-hawk" from a near foe, and while the sleep-ing band were in doubts what had come to them, these brave folk killed those who came in their way, and made off in a ca-noe to the near-est house. Here they were cared for, and in time went back to their home and Mr. Dus-tin.

This state of things made the men of New England feel far from safe; and once more they knew all the sad ills which come from fights with In-dians. Still they were not as bad off as their friends in the west or far south.

When things in the col-o-nies had been bad for a long time, the men tried to think of some way by which the French could be kept in their own lands, and the fights—if there must be such—kept there

too. To help them, Eng-land and France, on the oth-er side of the sea, were at war; so they thought of a plan which did this for them. The col-o-nists sent men to Eng-land to urge the king to send ships to the St. Law-rence, to fight the French there, and to take Can-a-da from them, if that could be done. They gave their word to the king that they would do all in their pow-er to help in this; for they knew



ROOM IN A BOS TON HOUSE, A.D. 1700.

in that way they would save their homes and fam-i-lies.

North of Maine, on the is-land of Cape Bre-ton, was a strong fort called Lou-is-burg. On-ly one fort in A-mer-i-ca was as strong; that was Que-bec, on the St. Law-rence. This fort of Lou-is-burg was held by the French, but the Eng-lish wished to take it from them.

In A-pril, 1745, a fleet with three thou-sand men sailed from Bos-ton to Can-so, where it was joined by a large num-ber from Rhode Is-land, Con-nec-ti-cut, and New Hamp-shire. These were all led by Wil-liam Pep-per-ell. They had but twen-ty-one field piec-es, or large guns; while there were one hun-dred and sev-en large can-non in the fort. But the men were strong and brave; and af-ter a siege of fif-ty days, Lou-is-burg was theirs. It was a grand day for New Eng-land when these men came home to Bos-ton, for it meant peace and qui-et to the land once more.

In 1748, the French and Eng-lish met at a place in France called Aix-la-Cha-pelle, to sign a pa-per, which was called a treat-y. By it they a-greed to be friends, and stop the war; and Eng-land gave back to the French, the hard-earned Lou-is-burg fort.

In less than six years, the Eng-lish and French were at war once more; so the "treat-y of Aix-la-Cha-pelle," as it was called, did not do much good for the col-o-nists. This war was o-ver the French and Eng-lish lands in A-mer-i-ca, and most of the fight-ing took place here. The French claimed a large part of this land;—all, in fact, that was drained by the Mis-sis-sip-pi Riv-er or its branch-es. If you look at your map you will see that takes a large part

of our land. The Eng-lish wished the same part, and the two could not come to terms.

Though the col-o-nists in New Eng-land helped much in this war with both their mon-ey and men, not much of the fight-ing was done in their midst. Af-ter a long, hard fight the Eng-lish won; and Can-a-da, as well as most of that part of A-mer-i-ca which is now known as the U-nit-ed States, was made one great Eng-lish col-o-ny.

CHAPTER XXI.

THINGS WHICH LED TO THE REVOLUTION.

You have seen of what a firm race these New Eng-land men were. They bore all kinds of hard things for the sake of truth and right, but they would have naught to do with what they thought to be wrong.

As the col-o-nies grew rich through the hard work and strong wills of their men, Eng-land wished to get all the mon-ey out of them she could. For years, you know, when they were hav-ing such hard times with the In-dians, when food was scarce, and no mon-ey was in the land, she had left them quite a-lone. They could be of no use to her then. But

now A-mer-i-ca was a fine place, and she was proud to own it as her own. But like some folk, she was so ea-ger for gain that she went too far, and as you will soon see, lost all. You have all read the sto-ry of the goose that laid the eggs of gold, and of the old wo-man who killed her to get more eggs. Well, Eng-land was quite like that old wo-man in the sto-ry.

Far back, in 1651, Eng-land made a law that A-mer-i-cans must trade in none but Eng-lish ships. Then in 1660, she said no for-eign ships should go to these A-mer-i-can ports.

In 1663 she made still an-oth-er law that all things sent from one col-o-ny to an-oth-er must be taxed. That is, if Con-nec-ti-cut raised more corn than she need-ed for her own food, and so sold some of it to Bos-ton, or New York men, she must pay a part of the mon-ey she got for it, to Eng-land. At last the col-o-nists were bade not to make such things as they could buy from Eng-land; for the Eng-lish wished to sell their goods, and none would buy if they could make them here.

That Eng-land might get still more mon-ey, the King said that all A-mer-i-cans must write their deeds and law work on one kind of pa-per, which had a stamp on the top of the page.

This pa-per the col-o-nists could not make, but

must buy of men sent from Eng-land to sell it to them.

The whole land from Maine to Geor-gia was much tried by this act. The men sent here fled back to Eng-land; so that when the time came for the law to be put in force, no one was found who could sell the pa-per. So the col-o-nists wrote on the same kind they had used, and took no no-tice of the "Stamp Act," as it was called.

All these things did not tend to make the men on this side of the sea love Eng land.

When the King saw that the Stamp Act did no good, he gave it up; that is, he said it should be a law no long-er. But he and his chief men still looked to see where they could get cash out of the A-mer-i-cans; and at last thought of a fine way.

The col-o-nists, and most of all, the Mass-a-chu-setts men, ought to be put down, he thought. They were too free and wil-ful in their ways. He would send a lot of sol-diers to Bos-ton, and the near towns, who should see that his law was kept. These sol-diers were in the Eng-lish ar-my, and so were paid by the King. Now he could save by this plan, for he would make a law that the Bos-ton folk must take the sol-diers in their homes, and give them food and good rooms to sleep in. Then he thought of a

nice plan by which the col-o-nists should pay them their wa-ges as well.

A tax was laid up-on some things which were brought to this land, and the cash from this was to be paid to the sol-diers. These plans were, no doubt, wise and well made, but the King and his men did not know the kind of men they had to deal with here.

Late in the year 1768, Gen-er-al Gage sent to Bos-ton two sets of sol-diers; but the folk of the town would not give them the fine rooms or food the King wished, and Gen-er-al Gage had to pay board for them all. This did not please the King, but still he sent more troops here. These were served as the first had been.

There was no love felt for these sol-diers, and they knew it. Cross words passed from them to the men of the towns, and were paid back with force; but John Ad-ams, Sam-u-el Ad-ams, John Han-cock, and oth-er head men tried to keep or-der, and hold the A-mer-i-cans in check. They saw that a great war was to be, but did not care to start it.

In and near Bos-ton, the boys and girls felt the wrongs their fath-ers had to bear; and at times showed this in a plain way. One day an of-fi-cer rode up to a small boy who with his sis-ter had just picked a pail of ber-ries. He jumped from his horse



"I DON'T CARE TO SELL THEM, SIR."

and came quite close to where the child stood. "Well, my lad," said he, "give me those ber-ries and you shall have this half crown."

"I don't care to sell them, sir," said the boy, as he put them back of him.

"But you can pick more, and I would like those for my lunch," urged the man. "Here, I'll give you this," said he; and he placed one more coin in his hand.

"I can't sell them to a red-coat!" said the lad, as he and his sis-ter jumped the fence and ran home through the fields.

CHAPTER XXII.

BOSTON MASSACRE.

JUST at dusk on March 5, 1770, a part of the Brit-ish troops met a few men in one of the streets of Bos-ton, and in a short time hard words passed be-tween them. Then more men came up, and at length, more sol-diers too. No one knows just what was said; but at last all were an-gry, and it was but a step more for the sol-diers to take their guns and shoot in-to the crowd. Three men were killed and

eight wound-ed. This was the first blood shed in the Rev-o-lu-tion.

When news of it spread through the land, all saw that the time they had feared was not far off, and each town, in a still way, raised all the guns and oth-er things used in war it could, and stored them



SITE OF OLD BEA-CON.

in some safe place, where they could be found when they were need-ed.

At this time the Bos-ton boys made snow slides for their sleds, on one side of the Com-mon, as their

fath-ers had done, and as the Bos-ton boys do now. Through the cold months they felt that this part of the Com-mon was theirs, and the men of Bos-ton were glad to let them have it for their sports. It was near the old bea-con which gave its name to Bea-con Street years be-fore. But the sol-diers liked to tease, and had not much to do, so they spoiled these slides as fast as they were made.

One cold morn, Gen-er-al Gage—who, by the way, was a kind man at heart—was called up-on at his rooms by some of the boys. When he saw them he said:

"Why have you come to me?"

"We come, sir," said one who took the lead, "to ask you to pun-ish those who wrong us."

"Why, my boys, have your fath-ers made reb-els of you too, and sent you here to talk as such to me?"

"No one sent us," said the boy, while his bright eyes flashed at the thought of his wrongs; "we have not harmed your sol-diers in a-ny way, but they have cut up our ice, and torn down our snow hills. We found fault, and they laughed at us, and called us 'young reb-els;' last night our slides were torn down once more, and we will bear it no long-er!"

"Great heav-en!" said the Gen-er-al to a man at his side, "the ve-ry chil-dren draw in the love of lib-er-ty with the air they breathe!" Then he turned



BURNING OF THE GAS-PEE. 133

to the boys, and told them they might go; and be sure that if a-ny of his men made troub-le for them in the days to come, they would be pun-ished.

Bos-ton was not the on-ly place tried by the Eng-lish sol-diers at this time. The King sent a ship called the "Gas-pee" to the Nar-ra-gan-sett Bay, to see if his laws were kept in Rhode Is-land. The head men of this ship were rude to the col-o-nists, and in turn were not liked by them.

One bright day in June, 1772, a Prov-i-dence ship on its way to that town did not fire a gun, or sa-lute, as she passed the Gas-pee; this made the cap-tain of that ship so an-gry that he chased the "reb-el craft" far up the stream. But in his haste to pun-ish his foe, he ran on a shoal which the oth-er ship had passed, and could not get off. That night some brave men rowed down from Prov-i-dence, and set fire to the Gas-pee. The point of land where she was burned is still called Gas-pee Point. This act made the King an-gry, and was one more step to-wards the war.

One of the things taxed by the King, was the tea sent to A-mer-i-ca by the East In-dia Com-pa-ny. The col-o-nists at once gave up that drink, and the com-pa-ny could not sell its tea. At last the King saw that these folk were firm, and were not to be led; then he felt some fear that they might make

him more troub-le; so he said the tax-es need not be paid. This he did to please the col-o-nists. But to show them that he had a *right* to tax them,—they said he had no such right,—he kept a small tax on the tea. This was so small that tea brought to A-mer-i-ca did not cost as much as it did in Eng-land. Now, the King thought, they would not mind the tax; and he would have his way.

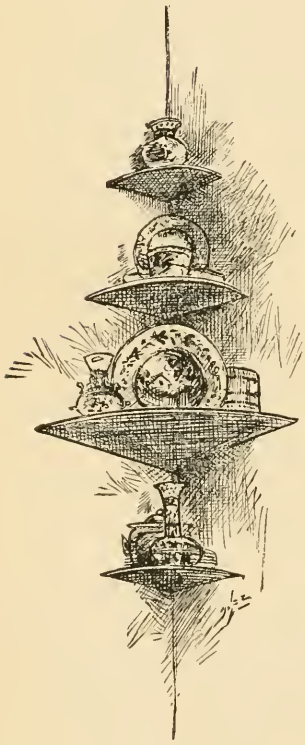
CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GREAT TEA-POT.

This made the East In-dia Com-pa-ny glad; and they sent four ships full of tea to A-mer-i-ca. One of these came to Bos-ton. But when it reached there, the Mass-a-chu-setts men would not let it land the tea. The gov-er-nor, whom the King had sent, said the ship must not go back to Eng-land; for he knew that when thir-ty days had passed, his troops could force the men to let the chests of tea be brought to the shore.

The men of Bos-ton knew this as well, and were not long at a loss what to do. One night a large meet-ing was held in the "Old South Church," where the wise men of the place spoke long and well

of the sad times in the col-o-nies. As it closed, strange men dressed as In-dians were seen in the streets, but no one seemed to know just who they were. Some word like "tea" was heard from time to time, but the troops did not heed it. On the morn it was found that these men had gone on board the ship in the night, and turned o-ver three hundred chests of tea in-to the sea. Af-ter that, Bos-ton Bay was at times called "the great Bos-ton Tea-pot."

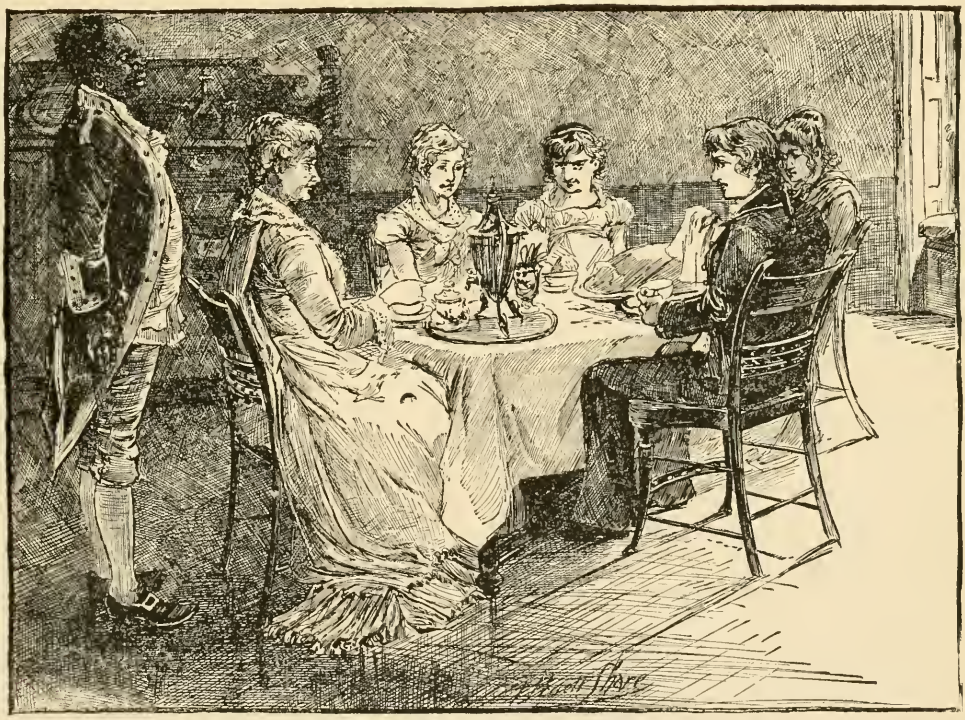


RARE CHI-NA.

The King was more an-gry still when he heard how the tea had been served, and said he would whip the Bos-ton men well for this act. So he sent still more troops to the town.

The seat of pow-er, that is, the place where the laws are made, was changed to Sa-lem. Bos-ton must be ru-ined if he could do it. The port was closed to all ships but the Eng-lish war ships, and such as brought food or wood to burn. This law was called the "Bos-ton Port Bill." All the col-o-nists in A-mer-i-ca were made an-gry by this bad act of the King's,

and meet-ings were held in all parts of the land to join the strength of the col-o-nies, and thus throw off the Brit-ish yoke. For by this time all saw that war must come, ere men on this side of the sea could have their rights.



CO-LO-NI-AL FAM-I-LY AT BREAK-FAST, A.D. 1770.

It seemed sad that this must be, for now there was much wealth in the col-o-nies, and fine hous-es were seen in all parts of New Eng-land. Some rich men owned slaves. This was wrong, as you know;

but the men of those days did not think it so. The homes were well filled with nice things, and much sil-ver and chi-na had found its way to this side of the sea. Bits of rare chi-na and glass-ware from far a-way were placed on shelves, and were much prized by the good wives of the towns.

But all were not of this rich class; some still lived on their farms, and wore clothes made from wool grown on their land. Their boys and girls were taught in the small, cold school-hous-es, seen in all parts of New Eng-land; but they grew up bright and good, and made men and wo-men of which our land may well be proud.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

The col-o-nists had a large store of guns and food at Con-cord; and the Brit-ish, who looked well to what their foes were do-ing, knew of this. In the first part of A-pril, 1775, Gen-er-al Gage made plans to burn these stores. The A-mer-i-cans were told of this and watched him well. They were well joined now, and all the men in New Eng-land were rea-dy

to fight at the least no-tice, if they were need-ed; hence they were called "min-ute men."

One day a large troop of Brit-ish sol-diers was seen on the com-mon; and the pa-tri-ots, as we will now call the col-o-nists, knew they were to go for the stores. So the brave Gen-er-al War-ren, who fell at Bun-ker Hill, at once sent Paul Re-vere to rouse the land. He crossed the Charles at dusk, and took up his lone watch; for he was not to start till he had a sign from the town. Up and down the bank of the riv-er he walked, with his eye on the spire of the North Meet-ing-house. At last two lights were seen to shine from its dark side, and by them he knew the Brit-ish were soon to start. Then he sprang on his horse and dashed on through the night, call-ing all he passed to arms. By morn the towns were up and in arms.

When the Brit-ish reached Lex-ing-ton, they found six-ty-eight armed men, led by Capt. John Par-ker, drawn up on the com-mon of that place. These Gen-er-al Pit-cairn with a bad oath told to go home, but they would not move. Then the Brit-ish fired, and e-lev-en men fell dead, while nine more were wound-ed. Then the pa-tri-ots left the field, and just then the sun came up in the east and shone on the sad sight.

The Brit-ish were now in haste to reach Con-

cord, where the stores were to be found. On their way they saw men com-ing from all points, and armed with all sorts of guns. When they reached Con-cord they went to look for the stores, some by the way of North bridge and some by the South, but they found naught. At last, near the North bridge, they fired on the pa-tri-ots in their rage. These men were not to send the first shot, but now they felt they were right in fir-ing back, and they did this so well that the Brit-ish were forced to turn and run towards Bos-ton. Shot flew at them all the way down the road, from the guns of the min-ute men hid behind trees and stone walls, and they reached Bos-ton at last in a much more sad frame of mind than when they left it a few hours be-fore.

The news of this fight spread through the col-onies; and all now saw that they must take part in the war, if they were to have their rights from England. They did not hope to be quite free from her at this time. Mass-a-chu-setts sent word that she need-ed more troops, and fif-teen thous-and soon came to her aid. Gen-er-al Ward led those from Mass-a-chu-setts; Gen-er-als Spen-cer and Put-nam, those from Con-nec-ti-cut; Gen-er-al Green, those from Rhode Is-land; and Gen-er-al Stark, those from New Hamp-shire. On June 15, 1776, New Hamp-shire called her-self free from Eng-land, and



A "MIN-UTE MAN."

on the next day, June 17th, Con-nec-ti-cut did the same.

CHAPTER XXV.

BUNKER HILL.

More Brit-ish troops were now sent to Bos-ton, and Gen-er-al Howe was their chief. The pa-tri-ots saw that there was no time to lose, so vo-ted to throw up a breast-work on Bun-ker Hill. On the 16th of June, 1775, twelve hun-dred men, armed with guns and spades, met just at dusk in Cam-bridge, and with Gen-er-al Put-nam at their head marched to Breed's Hill. Here they threw up a bank of earth six feet high in the night. It was long af-ter sun-rise the next morn when this first met the eye of the cap-tain of a Brit-ish ship not far off.

"What have the Yan-kees done on that hill?" he cried, in rage, to a man near by. He thought the term "Yan-kee" was a bad one, and did not dream that we should some day be proud of it.

"They have built a breast-work, sir!" said the man.

He made sure that this was so, then fired up-on it from his ship. The Brit-ish were at times called

"red-coats,"—for they wore fine red cloth clothes. Now their red forms could be seen all o-ver the com-mon; for they had heard the guns, but did not know what they meant.

That night the sun went down on as sad a day



GEN-ER-AL PUT-NAM AT HOME.

as Bos-ton ev-er knew. A hard bat-tle had been fought; and the red-coats had won, if it could be called that. No doubt our men would have gained the bat-tle if their pow-der had last-ed; but when

that was gone, they gave up, and left the field. In this bat-tle the Brit-ish loss was more than 1000, while that on our side was but four hun-dred and fif-ty. It was just at the close of the bat-tle that the brave War-ren fell. All New Eng-land was sad when news of that day's work was known.

Some five weeks be-fore this, E-than Al-len, of Ver-mont, took the strong fort at Ti-con-de-ro-ga, on Lake Cham-plain, from the Eng-lish. This bold act gave great joy to the pa-tri-ots all through the land. It was planned in Con-nec-ti-cut; and the small band of men grew larg-er as it passed through Mass-a-chu-setts, on its way north. But the chief praise, next to E-than Al-len, is due to the "Green Moun-tain Boys," as the men of Ver-mont were called.

On May 10, 1775, E-than Al-len, with eigh-ty-three men, crossed the lake, and rushed with a war-whoop through the o-pen gate of the fort. The Brit-ish lead-er jumped from his bed, and with his clothes on-ly half on, ran out of his room to see what was the mat-ter. When he saw these strange men, he asked them by what right they were there.

"In the name of the great God and the Con-ti-nen-tal Con-gress!" Al-len cried. This was a bright speech, as the Con-ti-nen-tal Con-gress was not sit-ting

at that hour; it was to meet that day at noon for the second time. It first met on the 5th Sep-tem-ber, 1774, at Phil-a-del-phia.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WASHINGTON TAKES CHARGE OF THE ARMY.

At the meet-ing of Con-gress in Phil-a-del-phia, in May, 1775, it was thought best to raise an ar-my of twen-ty thous-and men. George Wash-ing-ton, from Vir-gin-ia, who, when a young man, had done some brave deeds in the French and In-dian war, was called to be its Com-man-der-in-Chief.

On the third day of Ju-ly, 1775, Wash-ing-ton came to Cam-bridge to take charge of the ar-my. Un-der the old elm on Cam-bridge Green, he took his sword. It was a fine tree then; but old and torn now, it still stands, propped up to keep it off the ground. A slab of stone stands at its base, that reads:

UN-DER THIS TREE
WASH-ING-TON
FIRST TOOK COM-MAND
OF THE
A-MER-I-CAN AR-MY,
JU-LY 3, 1775.

He lived for a short time in an old gam-brel roofed house which still stands. In this same house Ol-i-ver Wen-dell Holmes was born, and in it he wrote "Old I-ron-sides."

Wash-ing-ton went from here to the house which for ma-ny years was the home of Hen-ry W. Long-



"WEL-COME HOME."

fel-low, the great-est po-et that A-mer-i-ca has ev-er known.

Af-ter the bat-tle of Bun-ker Hill, the Bos-ton folk had a hard time. Through the long, cold win-ter food and wood were dear, and hard to get. The

towns near did all they could to help their friends, but the red-coats tried to make life in the town as hard as they could.

One night in March, 1776, Wash-ing-ton had a long line of breast-works thrown up, on the top of Dor-ches-ter Heights; he had planned for some time to get this point, as it was a good place from which to fire up-on the Brit-ish troops in Bos-ton.

When Gen-e-ral Howe saw them on the next morn, it is said that all hopes of hold-ing Bos-ton fled from his mind. At first he thought to fight them from his ships, but soon gave up the plan. And now, when his last chance was gone, he took all his troops on board his ships and sailed off.

There was great joy in Bos-ton when the last red-coat had gone. As these ships sailed a-way, Gen-er-al Wash-ing-ton and his men marched in-to the town.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FREE AT LAST.

On the 4th of Ju-ly, 1776, the Con-ti-nen-tal Con-gress gave the Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pen-dence to the world.

It is said that Rich-ard Hen-ry Lee, of Vir-gin-ia, was the first to put forth the claim that this land should be free. John Ad-ams of Mass-a-chu-setts took up the cause; and in a short time a num-ber of men were named to see how this could be done. They were John Ad-ams, Ben-ja-min Frank-lin of Penn-syl-va-nia, Rob-ert R. Liv-ing-ston of New York, and Rog-er Sher-man, of Con-nec-ti-cut; and of course Mr. Lee was of the num-ber. Ben-ja-min Frank-lin was born in Bos-ton, but spent most of his life in Penn-syl-va-nia, and so is said to be-long to that State.

Con-gress told these men to write a pa-per which should tell to Eng-land and the rest of the world that the men of the col-o-nies had made up their minds to be free. Mr. Lee was to write this; but his wife was sick at the time, so he was forced to go to her; and Thom-as Jef-fer-son was named in his place. When this pa-per was done it was signed by John Han-cock and Charles Thom-son. The oth-er fif-ty-six names which are seen at its end, were placed there on Au-gust 2nd.

When the news of this step went through the land, there was great joy felt by all. France was glad too, for she had not made up with Eng-land for tak-ing all this land from her. Now that it had passed out of Eng-land's grasp, the French sent

words of good cheer to its folk, and in time sent brave men to help them.

In the win-ter of 1777, Gen-er-al Try-on, with a small Brit-ish force, burned Dan-bu-ry, Con-nec-ti-cut. But the pa-tri-ots did work, as well, in these cold months.

At Sag Har-bor, on Long Is-land, the Brit-ish had their stores of food. Col-onel Meigs, with a force of A-mer-i-cans, went a-cross the Sound to the place, burned the stores, and took nine-ty of the Brit-ish. On his way back he burned twelve of the foe's ships; and, best of all, he did not lose one of his men.

All this time, the Brit-ish held New-port, Rhode Is-land. Gen-er-al Pres-cott, their com-man-der, lived in a house some ways north from the town. On the night of Ju-ly 10th, in that same year, Col-onel Bar-ton crossed Nar-ra-gan-sett Bay from the main land, pulled Gen-er-al Pres-cott from his bed, and took him to the A-mer-i-can lines. This was done so still that the Brit-ish at New-port did not know of it till the next morn.

One year from this time, a force of Brit-ish men burned New Ha-ven, Fair-field, Nor-walk, and some oth-er towns of the Con-nec-ti-cut coast. That fall the Brit-ish left New-port.

All this time the war was in the west and south,

and New Eng-land sent men and gold to help the cause.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WAR STILL GOES ON.

Let us now see what was done in Ver-mont in 1777. Of all the gen-er-als sent by Eng-land none could boast of the great things they were to do like Bur-goyne. He would soon put the A-mer-i-cans where they ought to be.

In Ju-ly he came down from Can-a-da, went up Lake Cham-plain, and took Ti-con-de-ro-ga with ease; for but a small force held the fort, and they left when they saw his ar-my. Then he felt sure that he could do what he liked, he and the bad In-dians in his band. So he made up his mind to send to Ben-ning-ton, in Ver-mont, and get the food and guns the A-mer-i-cans had stored there. He found that his own were too few for the great ar-my he had to feed and keep in guns.

Gen-er-al Baum was sent with a good sized force to do this. He was told to seize all the hors-es and cows he found on the way. The A-mer-i-cans heard of this move, and a band of brave men from

Ver-mont, Mass-a-chu-setts, and New Hamp-shire, un-der Col-o-nel Stark, who had fought at Bun-ker Hill, set out to meet Baum. Col-o-nel Stark was a firm, brave man; and it is said of him that just as his men were to fight, he called out to them, "There are the red-coats! Be-fore night we must beat them, or Mol-ly Stark is a wid-ow!" With such a man to lead, and such true men to fight, we might know that the A-mer-i-cans won. This fight at Ben-ning-ton gave hope and joy to all the land.

In Oc-to-ber of the same year, Gen-er-al Bur-goyne, with his whole force of five thous-and men, was tak-en by the A-mer-i-can Gen-er-al Gates.

The Brit-ish had lived at New-port since the last part of the year 1776, and no one had tried to oust them. But in Ju-ly, 1778, D'Es-taing, one of the men sent from France to help the A-mer-i-cans, came to the Nar-ra-gan-sett with twelve ships and four thous-and men. He was sent to Phil-a-del-phia, but did not reach the Del-a-ware till the Brit-ish had left the place. He feared that the bay at New York was not as deep as his ships would need, so sailed to New-port. All the A-mer-i-cans in Rhode Is-land were glad at the move, for now they felt they could drive off the en-e-my. As he came in sight, twen-ty and one of the Brit-ish ships were burned, to keep them from the A-mer-i-cans; for the

Brit-ish thought that their last chance was gone. Gen-er-al Pi-got held New-port with six thous-and men. Sul-li-van, at the head of ten thous-and men, was at the north end of the Is-land. He had Gen-er-als Greene and La-fay-ette as chiefs. The fleet and land force were to join on Au-gust 12th in an ef-fort to oust the Brit-ish; but for some cause Gen-er-al Sul-li-van moved first, and failed to let D'Es-taing know of it; while D'Es-taing wait-ed in vain for a word to start. At last, on the 9th, when the French fleet was read-y, a Brit-ish fleet of thir-ty-six ships, with Lord Howe at its head, sailed in-to New-port. D'Es-taing put to sea, but the Eng-lish would not fight. At this point a great storm came on, and sent both fleets to the right and left. They were ten days at sea; and when D'Es-taing's ships came back to the bay, they were so much torn by the storm that he thought he must take them to Bos-ton to have them fixed. But now he did a strange thing: he took all his force—some four thous-and men—on board, and had them go too. The A-mer-i-cans in Bos-ton as well as in Rhode Is-land did not see the sense of this, as he might have left them to help Sul-li-van, and sailed with a few men as well. The A-mer-i-cans pushed on, and soon were well down on the Is-land. The Eng-lish fell back to New-port. When at last Sul-li-van

planned to fight on the 29th, his men held the three roads which run the length of the Is-land, and Quaker, Tur-key, and Butts hills. But the Brit-ish heard of his move and in their turn went up towards the mid-dle of the Is-land to meet him. Here, just north of Ports-mouth grove, a great fight took place; in which, though the A-mer-i-cans were forced to turn back, they lost but two hun-dred; while the Brit-ish lost one thous-and men. Gen-er-al La-fayette was heard to say when it was o-ver that it was the best fought bat-tle of the war. It last-ed sev-en hours. Then, as Sul-li-van heard from Wash-ing-ton that a large Brit-ish fleet was on its way from New York to help, he took his whole force a-cross to Tiv-er-ton, in the night; and the next morn one hun-dred Brit-ish ships un-der Clin-ton sailed in-to New-port har-bor. Clin-ton was an-gry when he found that the A-mer-i-cans had gone, and so did all the harm he could to their coast. He sailed east and burned New Bed-ford and Fair Ha-ven, with all the ships at their wharves.

At this time all thought New-port would be the large ci-ty of this land. Its wa-ters were o-pen when all oth-ers were closed with ice; and so it was that the Brit-ish tried hard to hold it. They did not quit the Is-land till Oc-to-ber of the next year, 1779.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BATTLE OF NEW LONDON.

In 1781, Clin-ton sent a man named Ben-e-dict Ar-nold, with sev-en-teen hun-dred men, to burn New Lon-don, in Con-nec-ti-cut. Ar-nold was born in this place, and had, but a short time back, turned foe to the A-mer-i-cans, and formed a plan to give the fort at West Point up to the Brit-ish. The plot was found out in time, and so came to naught.

New Lon-don made and fit-ted out ships to fight the Brit-ish, and Clin-ton wished to stop this. Then he sought to draw Wash-ing-ton, with his men, to the north,—who was then on his way to Vir-gin-ia; a move the Eng-lish feared.

Ar-nold reached the mouth of the Thames, Sep-tem-ber 6, 1781. Here he had his men land. The part which he led went up on the side on which New Lon-don stands, while the rest went up the Gro-ton side. Not far from New Lon-don was Fort Trum-bull, which at the time had but twen-ty-three or four men, un-der Cap-tain Shap-ley. When the Brit-ish reached that place and fired on the fort, these men fled to Fort Gris-wold, on the far bank of



"HARK! I HEAR GUNS."

the stream. The force of Brit-ish which went up on that side, fired up-on Fort Gris-wold; but for a long time were kept back. At last, when the Brit-ish Cap-tain learned how small the force in the fort was, he told his men to scale the walls. A hard, brave fight the small band still kept up to hold their post, but the Brit-ish were five men to one man of the A-mer-i-cans, and the bat-tle soon told a-gainst them. When all hope had fled, their chief, the brave Lieu-ten-ant Col-o-nel Led-yard, told them to lay down their arms,—which meant that they gave up the fort and them-selves to the foe. Had the Brit-ish done right, they would have stopped the fight then; but they did not, and still fired at the poor men who could not fire back. At the time the fort was giv-en up, on-ly three had been killed and a few wound-ed; but when the Brit-ish stopped, eight-y men on our side had been killed and thir-ty wound-ed. While this mad act was at its height, Ma-jor Brom-field, the chief of the Eng-lish, stepped up to Led-yard, whom he did not know, and said in a rough way, "Who com-mands this fort?" "I did, but you do now," said he, as he passed his sword, hilt first, to the Ma-jor. Brom-field took it, and with one swift thrust sent it through the brave man.

This fort stood on a hill; and when the fight was done, the Brit-ish filled a large cart with the

wound-ed A-mer-i-cans and sent it full speed down the hill to the riv-er. But they did not stop to see the end of their work, as they were in haste to burn the town of Gro-ton; and so did not know that the poor men were saved from death by a tree which stood at one side of the path, and held the cart from its fa-tal plunge. Some of these men died as it was, from the jar they had on their rough ride down the hill.

While all this was tak-ing place on that side of the stream, Ar-nold had reached New Lon-don and burned all the ships and wharves, with some one hun-dred and fif-ty hous-es in the place. It is said that at one time a la-dy, who had known him well when he lived there, stood at her door, and heard him tell his men to spare her house. For some time he was near her; and she felt so much ill will to-wards him for his acts that day in the town where his young years were passed, that she wished she had a gun to shoot him with her own hands. At no time in the war was there so much ill will felt to-wards the Brit-ish as just af-ter this act of Ar-nold's.

CHAPTER XXX.

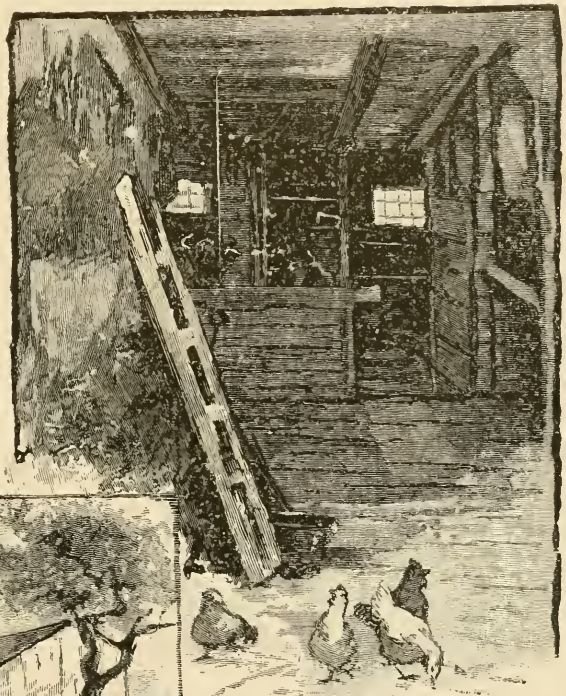
VERMONT.

This place was so called by the French, who first saw its grand old moun-tains with their sides robed in rich dark green trees. The name Ver-mont means "green moun-tain."

In 1724 some men from Mass-a-chu-setts came to this land, and built Fort Dum-mer, near the site of Brat-tle-bor-ough. The whole place was claimed by New Hamp-shire, as part of her grant in the old days of the first col-o-nies. As the years passed by more men went there, and in 1763 it was claimed by New York as part of the grant giv-en by Charles II. to the duke of York. For the next ten years New York tried in vain to rule the place; but the men sent to do this were tied to trees and whipped, or made to suf-fer in some such way by the men of that part, till none could be found who wished to go.

At last Ver-mont asked Con-gress, then held in Phil-a-del-phia, to make their land a free col-o-ny, like the oth-er thir-teen; but this was not grant-ed, as New York and some col-o-nies in the south did not wish it to be such.

In 1777 her men said they would be free in spite of Con-gress; and on the strength of this they chose a gov-er-nor, and oth-er State of-fi-cers. In Feb-ru-a-ry, 1781, the men of New York felt that the brave State ought to be free, and vo-ted to make it so; but their Gov-er-nor would not have it so. The next month, the Brit-ish had Bev-er-ly Rob-in-son write to E-than Al-len to urge him to make Ver-mont a Brit-ish col-o-ny. As no word was sent





DRIV-ING HOME THE COWS.

back, Gen-er-al Clin-ton wrote once more, in Feb-ru-a-ry, 1782, and said that if Ver-mont would turn from the A-mer-i-can to the Brit-ish side, it should be a free Brit-ish prov-ince. The men thought well of this of-fer ; and most did not see why they should fight the Brit-ish, who were their friends, to guard the col-o-nies which gave them no rights. At last Al-len and the Gov-er-nor of Ver-mont sent both notes to Con-gress. I-ra Al-len, a broth-er of E-than, said to the Brit-ish men who brought the last word from Clin-ton that he thought they ought to go with the side which won, if they could get a free char-ter. If not they would turn sav-a-ges and do what they pleased.

It was these things which caused the men of Ver-mont to be looked up-on by some as trai-tors. But this term does not seem a just one to use, for they were true to the cause of the A-mer-i-cans, when they had no rights of their own. And when the war was done Ver-mont had not joined the Brit-ish, though it was not made a part of the Un-ion till 1791.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN THE WAR WAS DONE.

Now at last the war was done; but the time of rest all had hoped for was not felt in the land. The men who had been to the war now went home. They were used to camp life, and did not like to work. Then, too, they had been forced to get in debt for food and clothes, and now found it hard to pay such. The tax which all had to pay for State and war debts, was felt by most to be too high.

The gold had been used up in the war, and the notes which took its place were so poor none liked to use them.

As there was no great head in the whole land, each man felt that he could do much as he pleased; for our Con-sti-tu-tion had not been made then, and the old "Con-fed-er-a-tion" which was formed long years be-fore, was but a strong league of friends, with no pow-er to help the States.

In 1786, Dan-iel Shays, a man who had fought at Bun-ker Hill, and had since been made Cap-tain,

went to Spring-field, in Mass-a-chu-setts, at the head of two thous-and men, and tried to take the guns which were kept there. These were to be used on the men who made the laws by which they were forced to pay their tax-es and debts. But the plot was found out in time, and one hun-dred and fif-ty men of Shays' band were put in jail. He hid for years in New York State, but at last was made free by the law.

"Shays' Re-bel-lion," as this was called, was one of the main things which led the States to see the need of a wise head and strong hand to rule them all. So each sent men to meet at Phil-a-del-phia to talk of some plan which should be fair to all. These men talked long and well, and at last wrote what we call our "Con-sti-tu-tion," which was a wise and just thing. On the 4th of March, 1789, the old Con-ti-nen-tal Con-gress ceased, and the first Con-gress of the U-nit-ed States met in New York. George Wash-ing-ton, who had led so well in the war, was made the first Pres-i-dent of the land. Of all those who have served since his time three have hailed from New Eng-land. These were John Ad-ams, who ruled from 1797 to 1801; John Quin-cy Ad-ams, his son, from 1825 to 1829; and Frank-lin Pierce, whose term was from 1853 to 1857.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BRIGHT NEW ENGLAND MEN.

THOUGH, as I have said, some men found it hard to work when they first came from camp, these were not the best or wise men of New Eng-land. Most of those who came from the grand old stock of which the Pu-ri-tans were made, did what came to their hands to do, while they thought much as to how to make this land the first and best on the globe.

One man who changed the work of the whole world by his wise thoughts and deeds, was E-li Whit-ney, who was born at West-bor-ough, Mass-a-chu-setts, De-cem-ber 8, 1765. He worked hard, and thus made his way through Yale. Then he went to Geor-gia, where he found a strange plant, which had small pods filled with soft white down and dark seeds. The men in those parts said cloth could be made from it; but it was such hard work to free the down from the seeds that not much was used in that way. At this time all the seeds had to be picked out by hand. This plant grew wild in most of the hot lands, and the cloth made from it

was so good it seemed sad that more of it could not be used.



AN OLD MILL.

E-li Whit-ney thought much of this, and at last found out how to get the seeds from the down in a quick way. He made his own tools, and had to draw the wire for his work; but he made his "gin," as the thing was called. One night some thieves broke into his shop and stole it; then they made more gins like it, and poor E-li Whit-ney did not get much gold for his work. But his name has been blessed by men in all lands; and that is af-ter all worth more than gold. Do you not think so?

When he made his "gin," in 1791, one hun-dred and eight-y-nine thous-and pounds of cot-ton was all

that was grown in our land; but in 1811, six-ty-two mil-lion pounds were sold. This is what a New Eng-land man's brain did for the South.

Sam-u-el Sla-ter, who had worked for Strutt and Ark-wright in Eng-land, came to New York in 1789. The next year he set up three "card-ing ma-chines" in Paw-tuck-et, Rhode Is-land. In 1793, he built mills in Ox-ford (now Web-ster), Mass-a-chu-setts, and thus gave a start to that work for which New Eng-land has so long been famed. In 1791, a mill in which cloth or wool was made, was put up in Hart-ford; and in three years more one was built at By-field, Mass-a-chu-setts.

The first rail-way in the land was built at Quin-cy, Mass-a-chu-setts, by Thom-as H. Per-kins and Grid-ley Bry-ant, in 1826. The cars were drawn by hors-es, and the road was used to take the great blocks of stone which were dug from the earth in that place, to the sea; where they could be placed in ships and sent to all parts of the world.

In 1798, E-li Whit-ney,—who did not make much gold by his "gin,"—asked the chief men of the land to let him make the fire-arms used by their men; and by this work, we are glad to say, he grew to be a rich man.

S. F. B. Morse, who first showed the world how to talk through wires, was a New Eng-land man.

He was born at Charles-town A-pril 27, 1791, and died April 2, 1872.

In 1814, Sam-u-el Colt was born in Hart-ford; and in the years to come his name was near-ly as well known as E-li Whit-ney's. When a lad of four-teen, he ran off to sea; and on that voy-age, while near In-dia, he made a small pis-tol of wood, which was the first step to-wards the "Colt's re-vol-ver," the best fire-arm known at the time. But Mr. Colt did not rest on the praise this brought him. He made long strides in sci-ence, and in time made a kind of gun, you might call it, which was worked un-der the wa-ter; and would keep the foe from a large town, if used in the right place. These guns are well known now, and men in all parts of the world have made them; but when Mr. Colt thought of his they were new to all. He taught men to wrap the wires which bring our news from o-ver the sea, in a way which keeps them from harm and rust.

In 1825 E-ras-tus Fair-banks, of Mass-a-chu-setts, put up his fac-to-ry in St. Johns-bu-ry, Ver-mont, where he made the scales now so well known all o-ver the world. Here it is still to be found; and from its doors go forth scales to Rus-sia and all strange lands, with the weights which are used in those lands, as well as all those used in A-mer-i-ca.

The first sew-ing ma-chine was made by a Mass-

a-chu-setts man, E-li-as Howe;—a poor man who saw and felt for the wives who worked so hard near his home, and made up his mind to help them if he could. While he worked all day in a ma-chine shop in Bos-ton, he thought out the parts which at night he made at home. When the ma-chine was first done, in 1841, he had a hard time to get men to see how much work it would save their wives; but in 1854 the world owned him to be a great man, and in a few years from that time he had gained much wealth.

The fish caught by the men of New Eng-land have done much to-wards mak-ing the land rich. At first they were used for food when naught else was to be had, and at times drove death from their doors; so the "*cod-fish*" was made the sign of New Eng-land. The men had one hung in their court-house when they first came to these shores, and to this day it still is seen on the walls of the State House in Bos-ton.

It is said that the In-dian name for New Eng-land was *Kin-shon*, which means fish; and a fish made of wood was sent by the In-dians of that place to those in the West, as a pledge that they were friends.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WAR OF 1812.

You know that John Ad-ams ruled in our land when Wash-ing-ton's term had ceased. He was a wise, good man, but made some laws which were not liked; and one of these was to seize and send off those men who came to our land from strange ports, though no one could prove they had done wrong. This made him foes both here and o-ver the sea, and so he was pres-i-dent but one term, that is but four years. While Jef-fer-son, the next pres-i-dent, ruled, a war of France with Eng-land broke out, and we had a hard time to keep out of the way of both. The Eng-lish King said his men had a right to search our ships when they came near them, to see if we had his men on board. As we spoke the Eng-lish tongue, sad things came of this, for two or three times the whole crew of our ships were thus ta-ken and none left on board to fetch them home. Some years be-fore this, Frank-lin had said that "The war of the rev-o-lu-tion has caused a rev-o-lu-tion; but the war to make us free is yet to be fought."

New Eng-land and the States on the coast had hard times in those days, for most of their wealth



YOUNG MAN OF BOS-TON IN 1812.

was made through their ships; but they were not for war, and tried hard to keep our land from one

It did come, though, in spite of their words; and, when it did, New Eng-land men and New Eng-land gold did more to help it than all the rest of the land. The In-dians in the north-west, then not much known, took part with the foe, and thus made the fights on land hard for us. You know Eng-land owned all of Can-a-da, and so could bring her men and land them on our shores just north of our line.

On the first of June, 1813, a Brit-ish ship called the "Shan-non" sailed near Bos-ton, and sent word to Cap-tain Law-rence, of the "Ches-a-peake," to come out and fight. The note which told Law-rence that he could choose time and place did not reach him. His ship was not in trim for a fight, and some of his men were drunk in the streets of Bos-ton on the morn when the word came; but he called them on board and sailed to-wards the "Shan-non." The fight, which was seen from the hills near Bos-ton, last-ed but a quar-ter of an hour; but in that short time the brave Law-rence was shot. His last words were, "Tell the men to fight fas-ter and not give up the ship!" It seems sad that such a brave man lost his life,—and yet no good came to us from the fight, for the "Shan-non" won, with a much less loss of men than the "Ches-a-peake."

On the same day De-ca-tur, a brave man who had fought much on the sea, was chased in-to New

Lon-don, with his three ships, the "Mac-e-do-nian," "U-nit-ed States," and "Hor-net," by a large force of Brit-ish ships. Here they were forced to stay till the end of the war. The Brit-ish tried hard to take them, and to fire the town; but the men from near and far came to help them, and kept up such a bold front that the foe could not come near.

A nice sto-ry is told of a good wife of that time, who did her part in sav-ing the town. You know that to fire large guns, such as are used in forts, small flan-nel bags are used to hold the pow-der. Now in this siege, which last-ed a long time, all these bags were used up, and more were need-ed to keep the foe at bay. The fact was told to a Mr. La-tham, who said he would get more. When he had done all he could in that line, he called on Mrs. Bai-ley, who lived near him, and said, "I have called to see if you have an-y spare flan-nel in the house; the men at the fort are short of it. I have sent them all I could buy in town, and still it is not e-nough. If you have an-y to spare I should like to get it of you."

"Well, I don't know," said she, "I have none in the house, but I guess I can find some for you, if you will wait till I come back." Then she went to her friends and got all they could spare; but when

she came back with her load, Mr. La-tham said more was still need-ed.

"You shall have my skirt then," said the brave dame, as she cut the string with which it was tied, and let it drop to the floor. As she stepped out of it, she add-ed, "It was a warm, new one, and I hate to part with it, for I don't know when I shall have one like it; but I don't care for that; all I want is to see it kill the Eng-lish!" This brave act was told to the men in the fort, and made Mrs. Bai-ley known far and wide in the land, while both great and brave men called to see her. She lived till she was nine-ty years of age, and then met with a sad death, caused by her clothes tak-ing fire, on Jan-u-a-ry 10, 1851.

In Ju-ly, 1814, Sir Thom-as Har-dy took East-port, Maine, and burned the ship "Ad-ams," at Hamp-den, on the Pe-nob-scot; while Cas-tine, a few miles down the stream, was tak-en; but the fort was first burned by the A-mer-i-cans, who then fled. Then a large part of Maine was held by the Brit-ish.

At this time there was a great sea-fight which took place on Lake E-rie of which we must speak, though it did not take place on New Eng-land's wa-ter; but the brave man whose brain planned it and whose sword won the vic-to-ry was a Rhode Is-land-er. His name was Ol-i-ver Haz-ard Per-ry,

and he was born in South Kings-ton, Rhode Is-land. In this fight he took all the foe's ships, a thing which had not been done be-fore. It was this brave man, who when he had won that great fight, sent back to the head of the war in Wash-ing-ton, the plain words, "We have met the en-e-my, and they are ours!"

The war went on for two and a half years, and when at last peace was made all were glad in Eng-land as well as in this land. In it we gained what Frank-lin said we should,—"our free-dom."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NANTUCKET.

A SMALL is-land not far south from the coast of Mass-a-chu-setts should claim a share of our time, if we would be just to all New Eng-land's sons; for here were born and brought up some of her most brave and no-ble men. The first Eng-lish-man who saw it was Gos-nold, who sailed by its shores in a small bark in 1602.

We hear no more said of the place till 1641, when the whole is-land was sold to Thom-as May-hew and his son, by Lord Sterl-ing. At this time the is-land, with Mar-tha's Vine-yard, was part of the New York grant.

In 1659, Thom-as Ma-cy, who lived at Sal-is-bu-ry, Mass-a-chu-setts, was fined for hav-ing four Qua-kers come in-to his house out of a hard show-er. The Pu-ri-tans were hard men, who had no love for the poor Qua-kers, as you know; and this act of Ma-cy's was thought by them to be a sin; so for it they made his life so hard that he was glad to go to some place where he could do as he pleased.

In the fall of that year, he took his fam-i-ly, and

with the help of Ed-ward Star-buck sailed in a small o-pen boat to Nan-tuck-et. They made friends with the In-dians, and lived in peace and qui-et with them. In the next spring, Ed-ward Star-buck went back to Mass-a-chu-setts, and brought eight more fam-i-lies to Nan-tuck-et. Then the land was made in-to ten shares, and each man bought a share. These were Tris-tram Cof-fin, Rich-ard Swain, Thom-as Bar-nard, Pe-ter Cof-fin, Chris-to-pher Hus-sey, Ste-phen Green-leaf, John Swain, and Wil-liam Pile. They felt the need of more men on the is-land; so it was thought best for each to take a part-ner, who with his wife and chil-dren should live on his tenth of the land. Each took some friend; so the small band on Nan-tuck-et was from the first a bright and u-nit-ed one.

These next ten men were John Smith, Na-than-iel Star-buck, Rob-ert Pike, Thom-as Look, Rob-ert Bar-nard, James Cof-fin, Tris-tram Cof-fin, jun-ior, Thom-as Cole-man, Ed-ward Star-buck, and Thom-as May-hew.

When the In-dians had sold their right to the land, the white men felt it best to let them till as much as they liked. Like those on the main land, they did not like to work; and at times would have starved but for the kind care of the whites. There was one bright In-dian in their midst, whom the

men chose as a kind of judge for the tribe. He was called "Es-quire Ka-doo-da," and had to see that the laws were kept.

It is said that he was fond of the whip; and at times when one In-dian found fault with an-oth-er, he had both whipped, at first, and then heard what was to be said. This did not tend to bring him much work, but has sent down to our time the say-ing, "Ka-doo-da's laws," which means a just, quick deal-ing with bad folks.

As there was not much land cleared at first, each man kept but a few sheep, cows, and hors-es; one great tract was fenced off for a corn-field, and this was cut up in-to shares for each house.

The first mill of which we hear was built in 1666, to grind corn. This was moved by wa-ter; but la-ter both horse and wind mills were used. Pe-ter Fol-ger was called from Mar-tha's Vine-yard to keep this mill, and his toll was fixed at two quarts of corn for each bush-el he ground; this was to pay him for his work; as not much gold found its way to the is-land in those days. When Mr. Fol-ger was not at work in his mill, he wove, or talked with the In-dians for the white men, as he had learned their tongue. His son E-le-a-zer made the shoes worn in the place.

Fish were found in the sea near the is-land, and

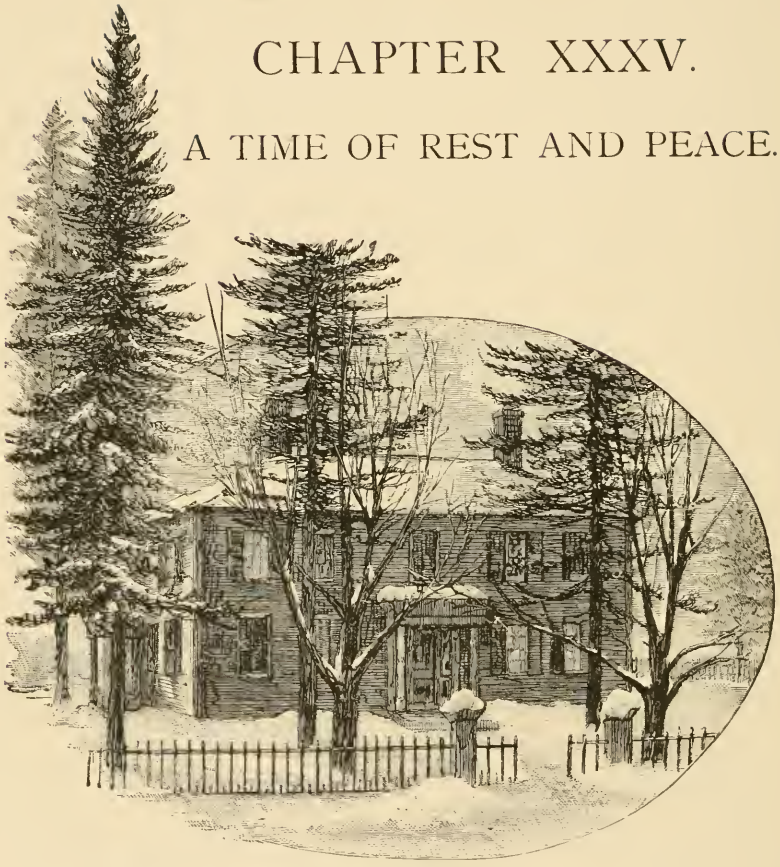
made a large part of the food of the place. It is said the first whale caught by Nan-tuck-et men, came to its shores and stayed there three days be-fore it was caught. The men were much pleased with the strange fish, and tried to think of some way to catch him; at last they made a kind of spear with which they killed him. For near-ly two hun-dred years, Nan-tuck-et gained most of her rich-es from her whale ships.

In the Rev-o-lu-tion, this is-land had a hard time; for its men were most of them Qua-kers, and so thought it wrong to fight. The Eng-lish knew this, so came and took what they liked from the hous-es on the is-land, as none would fight them off. The wives of the first men were wise, good moth-ers, and taught their chil-dren at home; so it was ma-ny years be-fore a school-house was raised in the place; but some of the best sea cap-tains in the coun-try have come from Nan-tuck-et, and were taught by those brave wo-men.

The seas which wash its shores take each year small bits of the isle and grind them down in the o-cean; so it is thought by those who make such things a stud-y that in some far-off day, no mark will be left to tell where this fair isle once lay.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TIME OF REST AND PEACE.



HOUSE OF EM-ER-SON, CON-CORD, MASS-A-CHU-SETTS.

When the war of 1812 was at an end, New Eng-land had once more a time of rest and peace. Her boys and girls were taught, in the same plain way, the sound sense and strong views of God which their fathers had.

In the first part of the nine-teenth cen-tu-ry, a number of babes were born whose names are now known to the end of the world. Ralph Wal-do Em-er-son, the first of these, was born in Bos-ton, May 25, 1803. The end of his course at Har-vard came in 1821. Then he preached for a time; but in 1832 he went to Eng-land, and when he came back lived a qui-et life at Con-cord, where he wrote the books which have made him known to all wise men. He died in 1882.



RALPH WAL-DO EM-ER-SON.

Na-than-iel Haw-thorne was born at Sa-lem, on Ju-ly 4, 1804. He was at Bow-doin with Frank-lin Pierce, who, when Pres-i-dent of our land, thought of his old friend and sent him as U-nit-ed States Con-sul to Liv-er-pool, Eng-land. Haw-thorne was a shy man; and it is said that when Pierce asked him

to go, his first words were: "Will the man who goes have to talk much?" His books are the best of their kind in the land; and you will be sure to like them when you can read them well. He did not

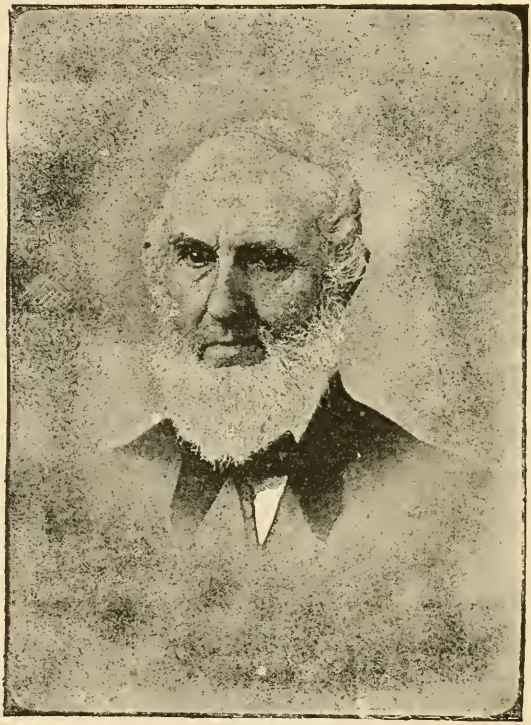


HEN-RY W. LONG-FEL-LOW, AND HIS HOME IN PORT-LAND.

die in Con-cord, where he had lived so long, but up in the New Hamp-shire hills. Frank-lin Pierce was with him in his last hours, and went with the

long line of sad friends to see him laid in his hill-side grave, near the old Con-cord bat-tle-field he loved so well.

In 1807, when Em-er-son and Haw-thorne were still small boys, clad in girl's clothes, two babes were born in New Eng-land whose names are known and loved in all parts of the world. One was Hen-ry W. Long-fel-low, who was born at Port-land, Maine, on Feb-ru-a-ry 27th, of that year. He was a bright boy, and so fond of his books that he went to Bow-doin Col-lege when on-ly four-teen years of age, and at the end of his course in 1825, took high hon-ors. Mr. Long-fel-low died a few years a-go, and more kind things were said, and more tears shed for New Eng-land's first po-et, than are spent up-on a King or Czar.



JOHN G. WHIT-TI-ER.

The oth-er babe came to a plain Qua-ker home

in Hav-er-hill, Mass-a-chu-setts, and is an old man now; but his name is loved more dear-ly as the years pass by; and we fear each year, as De-cem-ber brings his birth-day to our minds, that it may be the last. New Eng-land is, and has a right to be,



WHIT-TI-ER'S BIRTH-PLACE, NEAR HAV-ER-HILL, MASS-A-CHU-SETTS.

proud of her dear "Qua-ker po-et," John G. Whit-ti-er. When a boy he worked on the farm, but this did not keep him from his books, and in time he was called to hold some of the best seats in the land. He thought all men should be free, and was a great

friend to the poor slaves in the South. Har-ri-et Beech-er Stowe, a New Eng-land wo-man, whose name is known all through the world, also did a great deal for their cause.

Ol-i-ver W. Holmes was born at Cam-bridge, Mass-a-chu-setts, Aug-ust 29, 1809. When his course at Har-vard was done, he went to Eu-rope, and in time came back to heal the sick and mend the brok-en bones in Bos-ton and its near towns. But Dr. Holmes did not give his whole time to such tasks. He found time to write bright and wit-ty things, and through his pen he is best known to the world. You, my young friends, must have heard of the "One Hoss Shay," for all girls and boys like to read that.

James Rus-sell Low-ell, the po-et, was al-so born in Cam-bridge, in 1819. His name is known to the whole world; and not on-ly Bos-ton, but all of New Eng-land takes a just pride in Mr. Low-ell's fame.

As you grow in years, you will read the fine things which these, and ma-ny more of New Eng-land's sons and daugh-ters have writ-ten; and will then see, as you can-not now, why they have a place in the his-to-ry of our land. War and brave men's deeds do not make up the whole his-to-ry of a place. The men who think and write good books, those who find out new ways of do-ing things, and those

who teach us to live brave and pure lives, are the ones in fact best known to the world, and best loved by all men.

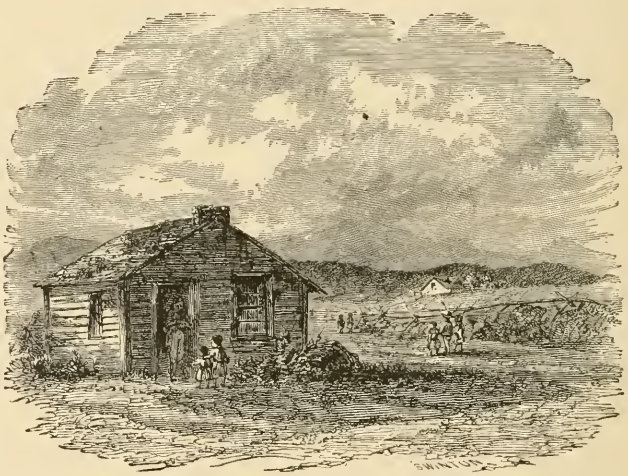
In 1820, Maine asked to be a State; but the men of the South did not wish her to be one. At that time the slave trade was much thought of by both North and South, and there were just as ma-ny States which did not think it right to keep slaves as there were that did. If Maine came in as a State, she would of course do all she could to stop the slave trade. At last the men on both sides made a line which reached from sea to sea, and said that no slaves should be kept north of it;—then Maine was made a State.

Still she had a care which vexed her much. If you will look at your map you will see that most of the line which bounds the State on the north-west and west, lies next to Can-a-da. This line was the cause of her troub-le. A large lot of land, more than the whole State of Ver-mont, was claimed by her, and by Can-a-da too; and they each thought they had the right to it. At last Dan-iel Web-ster, a great and wise man of New Eng-land, and Lord Ash-bur-ton, from Eng-land, drew a line which gave to Can-a-da five thous-and, and to Maine sev-en thous-and square miles.

One strange thing took place in 1826. On the



4th of Ju-ly, just fif-ty years from the date of our land's birth, two of its first pres-i-dents died. John Ad-ams and Thom-as Jef-fer-son had both signed the Dec-la-ra-tion, both been pres-i-dents, and each in his way had done much for our land. Now their time to die had come; and at near-ly the same hour, they both passed to the next world, one in Bos-ton and one in Vir-gin-ia. As the sun set, Ad-ams heard the noise of fire-arms in the streets of Bos-ton. He called a friend to his side, and sent word by him to tell the men to hold fast the rights the "Fourth" had brought them; and the cheers they sent up as his words were told them, were heard by the sick man just as he closed his eyes in death.



HOUSE WHERE HOR-ACE GREE-LEY WENT TO SCHOOL.

Jef-fer-son heard a gun in the far-off town, and his last words as he passed a-way were: "Is this the Fourth?"

In 1817, Hen-ry D. Tho-reau was born in Con-

cord, Mass-a-chu-setts. He was done with his course at Har-vard in 1837; then he taught school for a while. Tho-reau was a strange, shy man, who wrote charm-ing books, and lived a lone life in the woods. He thought meats were not good food for men, so he lived on fruits and the roots of plants. He died in 1862.

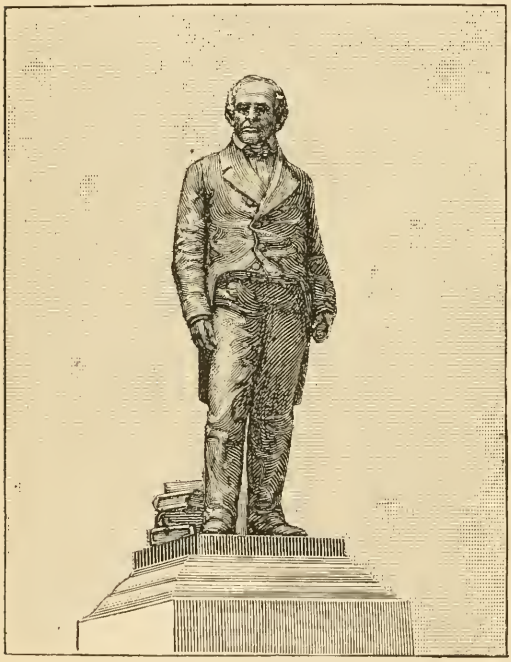
On Feb-ru-a-ry 3, 1811, Hor-ace Gree-ley was born at Am-herst, New Hamp-shire. He worked on his fath-er's farm while a lad, as Whit-ti-er had done; and gained his first love for books at the small school-house near his home.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DORR WAR.

One thing which took place in Rhode Is-land o-ver for-ty years a-go should have a place in this book. It was the "Dorr war," which at first was thought to be a grave thing, but at last passed off with-out the loss of a man. You know that King Charles II. gave a char-ter to the State ma-ny years a-go; this was a good one when it was made, but the State had grown since that time and now it did not fill the need of the men. In the days of Charles

11. New-port was a large ci-ty, while Prov-i-dence was but a small town; so more men were sent from New-port to help make the laws than from the last named place. That is, by the old char-ter six men were sent by New-port, while on-ly four went from Prov-i-dence. This was of course all right while New-port was the larg-er ci-ty; but in 1846 Prov-i-dence had twen-ty-three thous-and, while New-port had but eight thous-and folks; so you see why Prov-i-dence did not think the old char-ter just. By it, too, on-ly the men who owned land, and their old-est sons, could vote; and this was not liked.



DAN-IEL WEB-STER.

The men of the State urged the law-mak-ers to change these things in the char-ter so that it should be more just to the whole peo-ple, but could not move them to the step; so at length a few of them took things in-to their own hands. They met in Oc-to-ber, 1841, made a new con-sti-tu-tion, and gave it to the men of the State.

In A-pril, 1842, they chose Thom-as W. Dorr for gov-er-nor, and on the 3d of May, Dorr with his friends tried to take charge of the State.

Sam-u-el W. King, who had been made gov-er-nor by the old char-ter, would not let him do this; so arms were ta-ken up, and the Dorr men were forced to give up their cause June 25th, when Thom-as Dorr was caught, and thrown in-to jail. Thus the war, which all the rest of the land laughed at, and from the size of the State called "A tem-pest in a tea-pot," was at an end. But it did what the Dorr men tried for,—caused the con-sti-tu-tion to be changed the next year for one more just to all.

While on Rhode Is-land, one man well known to fame, who was born and brought up in that small State, should find a place in our thoughts. This is Math-ew Cal-braith Per-ry, born at South Kings-ton, whose fath-er was broth-er to Ol-i-ver Haz-ard Per-ry. He was the Com-man-der of the fleet which first made Ja-pan friends with our land. A fine bronze stat-ue of this he-ro is to be seen near the "old stone mill" at New-port.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THOSE IN NEW ENGLAND WHO WRITE FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

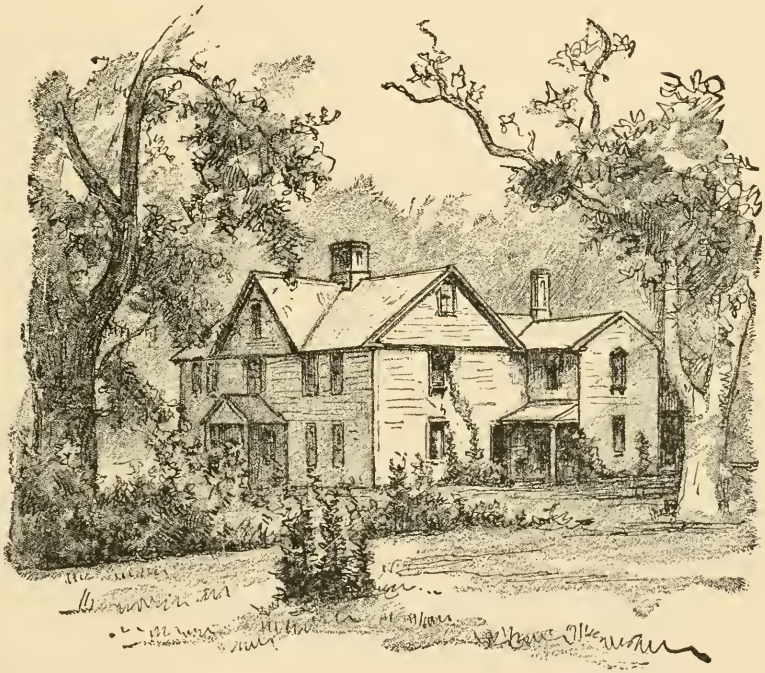
THERE is no place in our land which can boast of so ma-ny good writ-ers of girls' and boys' books as New Eng-land. You all have read *Lit-tle Men* or *Lit-tle Wo-men*, or at least have heard them read, and most of you know that Lou-is-a May Al-cott wrote them. You know, too, how sad we all felt, a few months a-go, when the news of her death reached our ears. Miss Al-cott was born in Mass-a-chu-setts in 1833. At the time of the Civ-il War she went South and helped take care of the sick and



MISS LOU-IS-A MAY AL-COTT.

wound-ed; and when she came home she wrote a book which told of these sick sol-diers.

One of the most charm-ing writ-ers of girls' books in our land, is Mrs. Ad-e-line D. T. Whit-ney. She was born in Bos-ton in the year 1824, so is

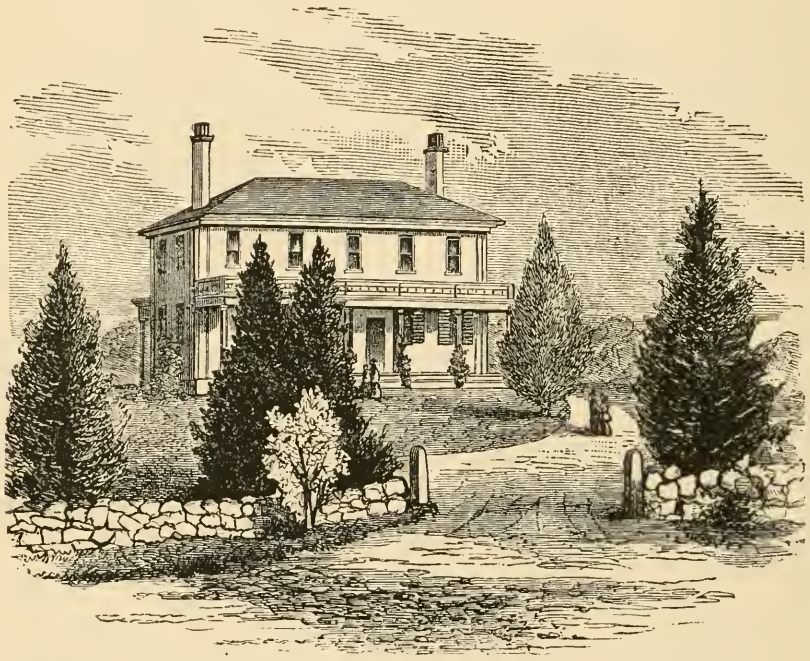


THE OR-CHARD HOUSE, CON-CORD, MASS-A-CHU-SETTS. HOME OF THE AL-COTTS.

now quite an old la-dy; but she still writes the pure, sweet sto-ries of bright home life which have al-ways come from her pen. Mrs. Whit-ney's name is known and loved by the folk a-cross the sea, as well as those in our own land; and all who have

read her books u-nite in the hope that ma-ny long years may still be hers.

Thom-as Bai-ley Al-drich was born at Ports-mouth, New Hamp-shire, in 1836. When a small boy he went to live in New Or-leans; but when still



MRS. A. D. T. WHIT-NEY'S HOME, MIL-TON, MASS-A-CHU-SETTS.

quite young he came back North, and has lived in New Eng-land most of the time since. His book called *The Sto-ry of a Bad Boy*,—who, by the way, was-n't bad at all,—is one of the best books ev-er writ-ten for boys. Mr. Al-drich is the ed-i-tor of a

grown folks' mag-a-zine, known as *The At-lan-tic Month-ly.* You have on page 194 a pic-ture of his stud-y, where he writes ma-ny of the nice things which your fath-ers and moth-ers like so much to read.

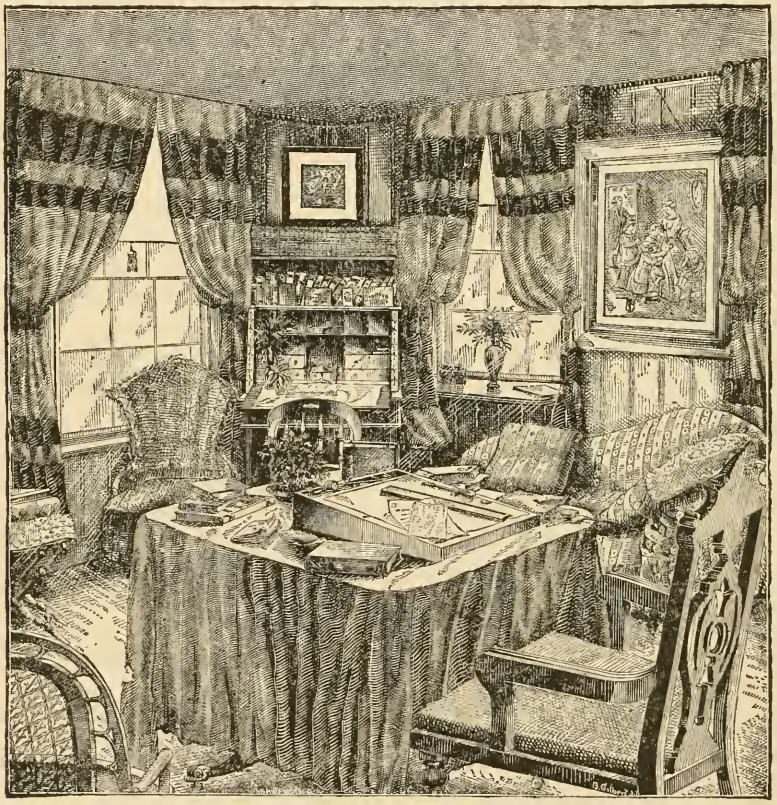
One oth-er writ-er we must speak of, who, although not born in New Eng-land, is claimed by her as her own. This is John T. Trow-bridge; who was the ed-i-tor of a girls and boys' mag-a-zine called *Our Young Folks.* This was read by your fath-ers and moth-ers when they were young; and a grand mag-a-zine it was. Mr. Trow-bridge wrote some of the best things to be found in its pa-ges. He was born in Og-den, New York, Sep-tem-ber 17, 1827, and lived on a farm while a boy; but he worked hard and taught him-self both Ger-man and French. He now lives at Ar-ling-ton, Mass-a-chu-setts, a small qui-et town not far from Bos-ton. Mr. Trow-bridge is a po-et as well as a prose writ-er; and his po-ems are such bright sun-ny bits of work, which



THOM-AS BAI-LEY AL-DRICH.

treat of real life, that you will be sure to en-joy them when you can read them.

Be-sides these there are ma-ny more men and wo-men who are well known as writ-ers and ar-tists,



T. B. AL-DRICH'S STUD-Y.

who be-long to New Eng-land; but we have not the space to speak of them here. As you grow old-er you will learn to love this land more and more as

you hear of all the bright and good folks who were born on its soil.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

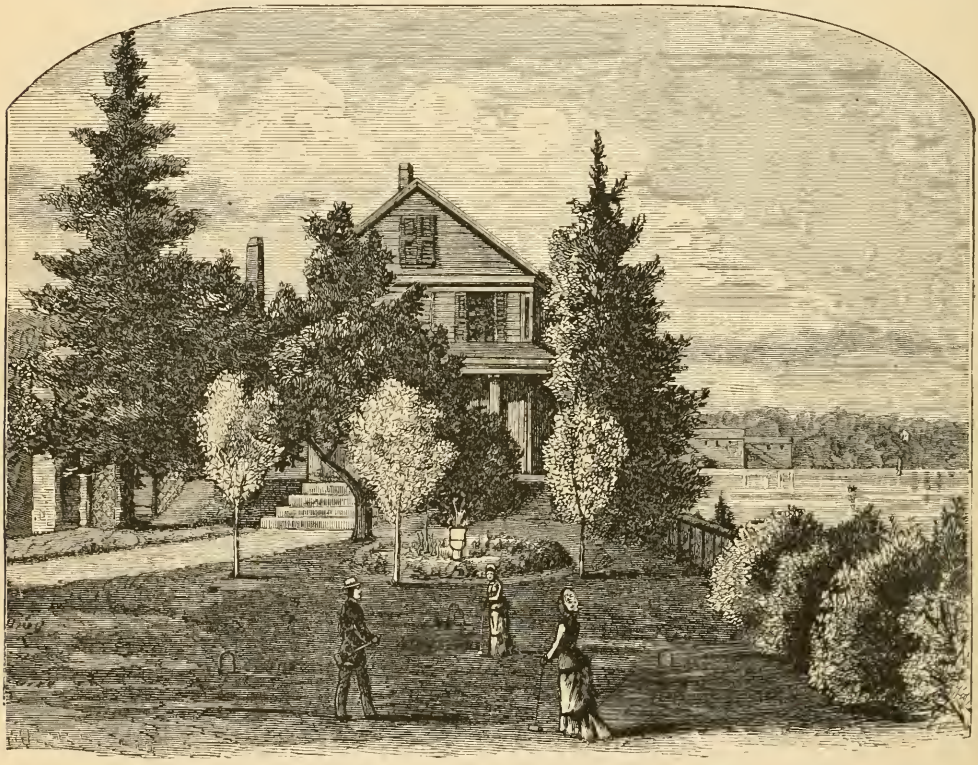
THINGS WHICH LED TO THE CIVIL WAR.

When New Eng-land was still young, slaves were kept in most of the homes of the rich to do the work of the house; but soon these men saw the sin of this, and one by one freed their slaves till none were left in the place. Then these good men felt it quite as wrong for the South to keep its slaves, and told those who lived there so; which did not tend to make friends of that class. "The North had freed its slaves; why should not the South do the same?"



J. T. TROW-BRIDGE.

Some men in that part of our land would glad-ly have done this ; but where could they get the men to work on their great fields of cot-ton, su-gar, rice, and to-bac-co? White men, they thought, could not stand the hot sun as the blacks did ; then



HOME OF J. T. TROW-BRIDGE.

they had paid great sums of gold for these their slaves, and no one likes to throw gold a-way, as they felt they must do if they freed them.

For years there were hard words be-tween New

Eng-land and the South; for our men, with their stern, just way of look-ing at things, did not in the least fear to say just what they thought of the mat-ter.

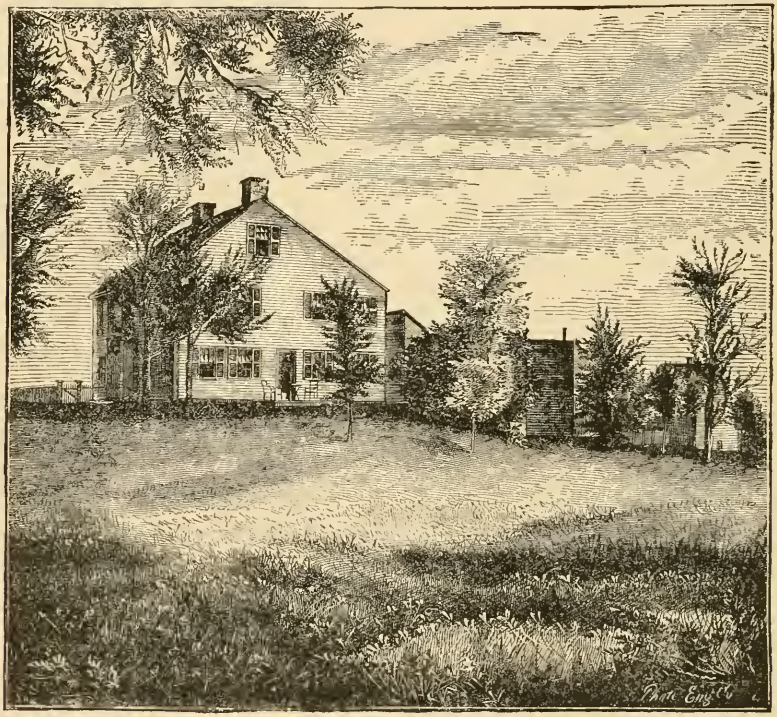
O-ver fif-ty years a-go, a young New Eng-land man who wrote for the pa-pers was called to Bal-ti-more to work on a pa-per in that place. He was much shocked by the great slave pens which met his eye at each turn, and hung out their signs on some of the best streets.



SEAL OF NEW HAMP-SHIRE.

These he saw were filled from the ships which brought the poor blacks from Af-ri-ca; and the slaves were sold from them to go south or west in great droves, quite as he had seen cows or pigs sold in Bos-ton. He was a brave young man, and he knew his cause was a right one; so he urged the men of that place to stop their sin-ful slave trade. His words had no pow-er but to cause him to be thrust in-to jail. When he was let out he made his way back to Boston, where he was met with joy by the whole ci-ty.

But Wil-liam Lloyd Gar-ri-son,—for that was the young man's name,—did not for-get the things he had seen in the South; and in time was at the head of a kind of club which had the slave trade for its chief thought. This was formed on what was known



HOME OF T. B. AL-DRICH.

as "Nig-ger Hill," Bos-ton, in a school-house, un-der the Af-ri-can Bap-tist Church, on the 6th of Jan-u-a-ry, 1832.

Some of the men of Bos-ton at this time were

friends of the slave trade; and one night in Oc-to-ber, three years af-ter this club had been formed, they burst in up-on one of its meet-ings while Miss Ma-ry S. Par-ker was pray-ing. With shouts and yells they caught up the Bi-bles and Hymn books, and threw them in-to the street. Then they cast a coil of rope o-ver Gar-ri-son's head, and tried to drag him through the streets. They were at last stopped by the ci-ty of-fi-cers, who had just reached the spot. Gar-ri-son was at the time ed-i-tor of *The Lib-er-a-tor*, the great an-ti-sla-ver-y pa-per of A-mer-i-ca.

At the time the line was drawn north of which no slaves should be kept, the men on this side a-greed to give up to their own-ers those slaves who were found on their land; that is, the slaves who ran a-way to the North. Now, in 1842, a slave from Vir-gin-ia, named George Lat-i-mer, came to Bos-ton, in hopes the men of that place would not send him back to his mas-ter. Those men who were friends of the South took him and thrust him in-to jail; for they said they had the law on their side. A great meet-ing was held in Fan-eu-il Hall, where speech af-ter speech was made by the best men in New Eng-land. Let-ters were read from such men as John Quin-cy Ad-ams and George Ban-croft, and the men were so roused by the thought that the poor slave was to be sent back to his hard life when

he had got so far from his old home, that at last a brave and good man said he should stay, and so paid his mas-ter in Vir-gin-ia the price he asked for his slave.

Now the whole of New Eng-land was full of the An-ti-sla-ver-y Cause, as it was called; and John G. Whit-ti-er wrote po-em af-ter po-em in its cause; while Wen-dell Phil-lips, The-o-dore Par-ker, Dr. Sam-u-el G. Howe, and Charles Sum-ner,—then a young man,—did all they could. These men thought the slaves who came to them for aid ought to be free; and so they formed what they called the Free Soil Par-ty. For a time they had their own way; but the South was not at rest, and in the fall of 1850, Mil-lard Fill-more, who was then Pres-i-dent, signed the "Fu-gi-tive Slave Law." This law made it the right of an-y man to take his slave in what part of the land he should find him, and none could stop him.

Now the own-ers could take their men in what part of the land they were found. This act made the New Eng-land men ver-y an-gry, and a great meet-ing was held in Fan-eu-il Hall, Oc-to-ber 3, 1850, at which great men spoke. Mr. Sum-ner made a speech which was grand and brave, and for years to come will not pass out of men's minds.

Four years from that time a like scene took

place in the same hall. An-tho-ny Burns, a slave, had been ta-ken un-der the Fu-gi-tive Slave Act, and lodged in jail. The men did not feel it right in God's sight to let him go back to his mas-ter; but the law ruled, and on June 2d he was ta-ken from his cell, and in the midst of a great square of armed men he was marched off to the ship which was to take him back. On all sides the hous-es were draped in black, and as the men moved on, the bells were tolled, as they are for the bod-y of some great man. In this way the folk of that ci-ty tried to show how sad to them was the whole slave trade.

It was not strange that this strife should in time end in war; and in the spring of 1861, when Fort Sum-ter fell, the men of New Eng-land were glad to take up arms in so good a cause.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CIVIL WAR.

When the war came which the wise men of all parts of our land had looked for so long, it found New Eng-land read-y with gold and men to help it on; and Mass-a-chu-setts may well be proud of the fact that she sent the first men to the field.



"I'VE COME TO SEE PA-PA MILK."

Gov-er-nor An-drew, of that State, like the oth-er wise men, had seen what would come; so, in a still way, had formed a few reg-i-ments of men in Bos-ton to be used in case of need. On Mon-day morn, A-pril 15, 1861, news came through the Bos-ton pa-pers that the war was to be; and on the next day, the men of the "Sixth Mass-a-chu-setts" met on the Com-mon. Wed-nes-day eve, A-pril 17th, they left for Wash-ing-ton, which, with the aid of the few troops of the ci-ty, they kept from the hands of the foe for a whole week, while aid from the North was on its way to them.

On their way to Wash-ing-ton, these troops had to pass through Bal-ti-more; as the trains to the South and those to the North did not leave from the same de-pot. They were in fact a mile a-part; but as there was a horse car road from one to the oth-er, it was thought best to take each car and have it drawn a-cross by means of hors-es.

It was well known that some of the men in the ci-ty were friends of the South, and would do all they could to keep the troops back from Wash-ing-ton. The first eight cars made their way through the crowd with ease; but the ninth, which held the 7th com-pa-ny, was met by shouts and jeers. Bricks and great stones were hurled through the car blinds by the mob, and at last shots were sent with the

stones. The men in the car had been warned of these things, and were bade not to fire back till some one in their midst was hit. At last one brave man had his thumb shot off; then they were told to lie low on the floor of the car, load their guns, and fire at the crowd. In this way they at last reached the place where they were to change cars.

Those who passed through the ci-ty af-ter this had a still more try-ing time. To be sure, May-or Brown came to their aid and marched with them for a short time;—for they were now forced to make their way on foot, as the rails had been torn up by the mad mob,—but, as Cap-tain Fol-lans-bee said, "the stones and balls came too near his head and he left." Mar-shal Kane, the head of the ci-ty po-lice, did much to help them through this their first taste of war and blood-shed.

Now it was not thought safe to have the troops pass through Bal-ti-more on their way South, so Pres-i-dent Lin-coln sent word for them to go a-round the ci-ty. Hence it was that the Mass-a-chu-setts 8th, which left Bos-ton A-pril 18th, just one day la-ter than the 6th, took a whole week long-er to reach Wash-ing-ton. The New York 7th were kept back in the same way, and reached Wash-ing-ton at the same time.

Gov-er-nor Sprague, at the head of the Rhode

Is-land 2nd, soon fol-lowed the Mass-a-chu-setts 8th to the South, and in all the months and years of the war which were yet to come, the drum-beat of the North led hosts of New Eng-land men to the strife.

The "War gov-er-nors," as they were called who held their seats dur-ing the war, did much to push on the cause. Of these, as you have read, Gov-er-nor An-drew took the lead. He was born in Maine, but is claimed by Mass-a-chu-setts, as he held high pla-ces in that State for a great part of his life. He was loved by all who knew him, and did much for the poor sol-diers and their kin.

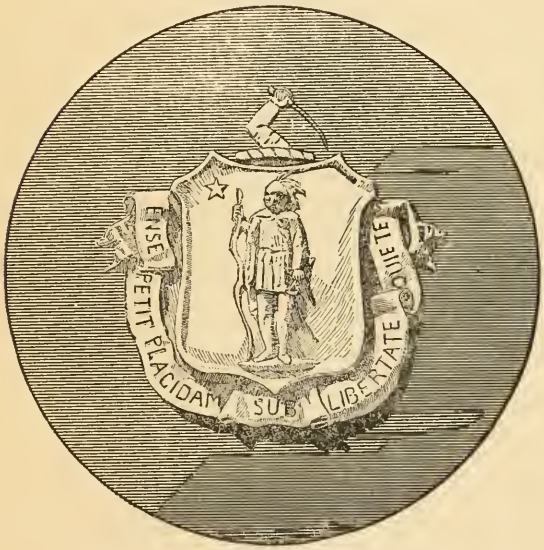


GOV-ER-NOR BUCK-ING-HAM.

Gov-er-nor Buck-ing-ham, of Con-nec-ti-cut, was no-ted for his zeal in the un-ion cause all through the war, and was so well liked by the men of that State that he held his of-fice from 1858 to 1867. In

1869 he was sent from the State to the U-nit-ed States Sen-ate.

Gen-er-al N. P. Banks,—the "Bob-bin boy," as he was called,—was once a poor boy in Low-ell, where he learned a trade, and where his fath-er wished him to work. But young Banks spent all his spare hours in stud-y, and in time was a great man in our land. He was made a gen-er-al in the war, and fought to the close. When he was through with fight-ing he was sent to Con-gress.



SEAL OF MASS-A-CHU-SETTS.

Gen-er-al Burn-side, from Rhode Is-land, was a brave man; and all through the war had the cause of the North near his heart. He died but a few years a-go at his home in Bris-tol, and Rhode Is-land men have raised a fine stat-ue to his name in the ci-ty of Prov-i-dence.

Gen-er-al Jo-seph Hook-er, known as "Fight-ing Joe," was a Mass-a-chu-setts man, and at one time had the rank of ma-jor-gen-er-al in the Un-ion ar-my.

We could not, in a small his-to-ry like this, give the names of the high of-fi-cers e-ven, who went from New Eng-land to the war; but in each home some dear one was missed, and prayed for each night by fond moth-er or sis-ters. Those who could not go, worked at home to help in some way the cause. Girls met when their school work was done and picked lint, or made clothes for the sol-diers; and each gave with a glad heart what she could for those who were giv-ing their lives for our land. On each bat-tle-field of the South ma-ny brave New Eng-land men, and lads too, laid down their lives; and in the hmall-est vil-lage, on the 30th of May of each year, some grave will be found with its soft green mound sid by sweet blooms, which tell the sad tale of a life giv-en that the slaves might be free.

It is said that Mass-a-chu-setts sent 159,165 of her sons to the war; and more than twice that sum went from the rest of New Eng-land. Of these some did not come back at all; while ma-ny who marched with brave step to the sound of fife and drum were brought back cold and still, to be laid by sad, lov-ing hands, in their last sleep un-der the sods of some qui-et church-yard.

Now that hard, long war is a thing of the far past. Babes who were then too young to know what the sad eyes and tear-stained cheeks meant, are now fath-ers and moth-ers of just such fat, mer-ry elves as they were then.

The same strong will which helped the Pil-grims to bear their hard lives, has made New Eng-land's sons and daugh-ters loved and hon-ored in all parts of the earth. Ma-ny of the large towns through the wide West were first formed by men from this spot, and New Eng-land thrift, and New Eng-land will, were the seeds from which these great cit-ies sprung.

Where New Eng-land men have built, there you will find the church and the school-house near at hand; and a wise, brave, and God lov-ing band of young peo-ple grow-ing up to make the world fair-er and bet-ter with their lives.

And now, my dear young friends, you who can claim a share in this grand old stock, if you still have your home in that place, or are part-ed from it by miles of land or sea, nev-er for-get that blood more to be prized than that of kings flows in your veins; and while you thank God for it, try to live such pure, clean lives that each of your names shall be in the long list which ev-en now is mak-ing up the pres-ent his-to-ry of New Eng-land and her peo-ple.

THE END.

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